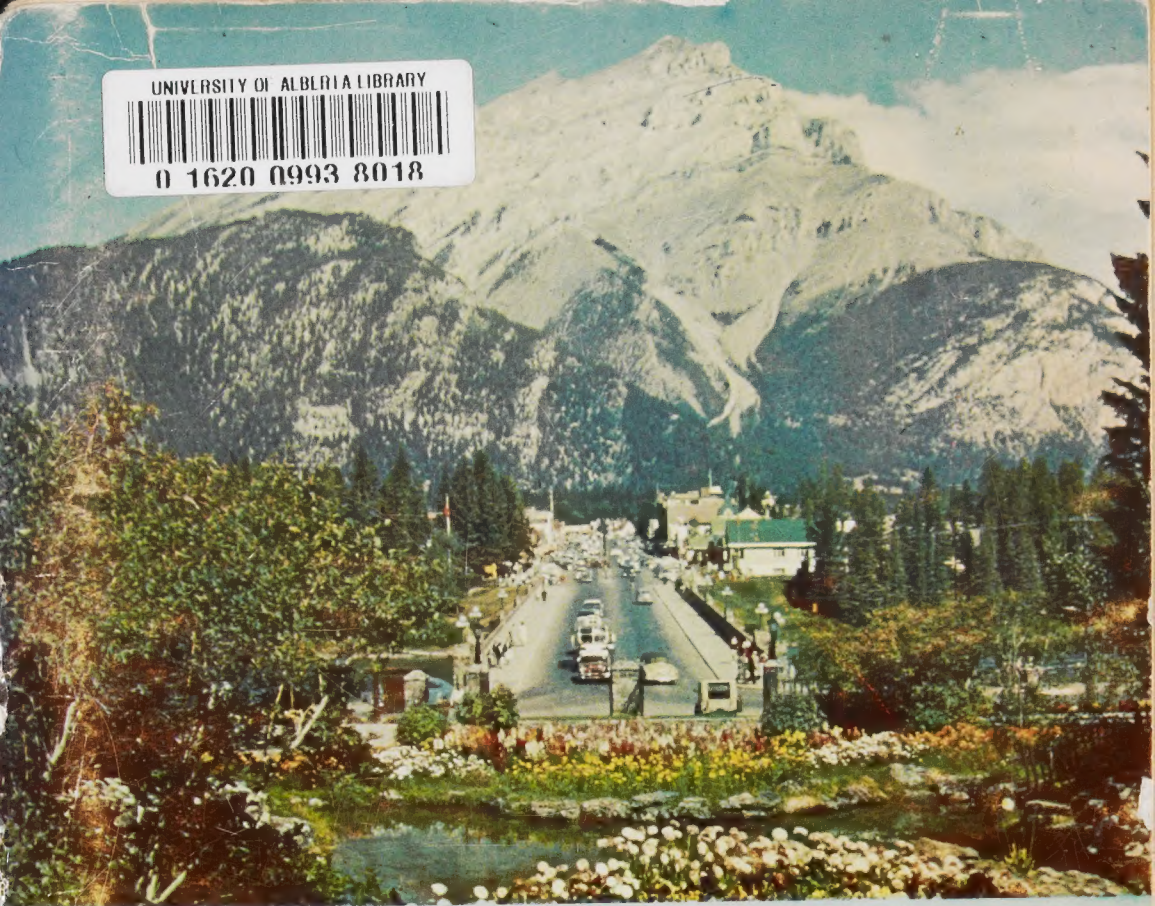


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FROM BARNACLE TO **BANFF**

by Harriet Hartley Thomas



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FROM BARNACLE TO **BANFF**

by Harriet Hartley Thomas

A story of the rising of the Rockies from the depth of the ocean to the height of a world famous resort.

Complete with coloured souvenir map.
A tourist's guide to where to go, and what
to do in Banff - Playground of the Rockies



*Craftsmen Press Ltd.
1412 - 3rd St. N.E.
Calgary*

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The Author's Thanks Go To

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INDEX

Chapter	Page
1. Out of the Depths	1
2. Coming of the Indians	4
3. Explorers and Missionaries	7
4. Siding 29	11
5. The Beginning of the Tourist Trade	14
6. Sulphur Springs	17
7. Stories of Banff	28
8. H.M. King George VI's Gift	38
9. The Emancipation of the Motor Car in the Park	41
10. Where To Go In Banff	44
11. The Mountains	69



Cascade Mountain and Banff Avenue

Alberta Government Photo

FROM BARNACLE TO **BANFF**

This book is dedicated to the men
that go up into the mountains



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Out Of The Depths

1

High peaks which reach upwards into the light of day, the wrinkles of time deeply gouged in their cheeks, are a source of wonder, a mystery no man can completely penetrate.

The beauty of the panoramic scene in the Banff area which reaches from horizon to horizon is such that no matter how long people look, they never tire of its grandeur. Some of the town's residents have lived here more than fifty years and still they look upward with joy to the everlasting peace of the hills.

When visitors journey west their first view of the mountains in the distance is deceiving: they seem like a great dark cloud pre-saging a storm. Then gradually as they come closer it is the sudden change from level prairie to precipitous heights that commands attention. It is a strange and awesome sight this rise from the straight to the perpendicular, from prairie to sky scraper.

To the north individual peaks begin to stand out and a round black peak detaches itself from the mass. This is the Devil's Head and it is interesting to note that this peak marks the first gateway to the mountains. Early explorers, fur traders and missionaries entered what is now Banff National Park via the Devil's Head.

In the early days there was a trading post established 35 miles east of Banff called Bowfort. This establishment did a rousing business in fur trading with the Indians. It was a famous fort in its day. Many times it withstood the attacks of hostile Indians but as the fur trading business diminished with the arrival of settlers it gradually faded away

and nothing remains to mark the spot. It has been completely obliterated. It is known, however, that its site was near Camp Hector but on the north of the bend in the canyon across from the entrance to the camp.

Geologists in searching for the riddle of the rocks know that our earth was once a molten mass of matter slowly cooling in a vapor laden atmosphere on which no life existed. Gradually as the earth cooled, belching volcanoes heaved and lifted the primordial rocks. The great cloud masses brought constant rainstorms. Rivers and torrents carried burdens of mud and sediment which in turn was deposited at the sea and finally hardened into slates, shales and sand that eventually became sandstone.

The oldest rocks in the Park may be seen on the Banff-Lake Louise highway 34 miles west of Banff.

Millions of years ago all of this country from the Selkirks to the Laurentians north to Hudson's Bay was covered by an inland sea. As time went on layer after layer of sediment was deposited from the rocks and formed its bed. In time the deposit reached a thickness of fifty thousand feet.

In the Carboniferous period tremendous pressure from the West caused the ocean floor to slowly begin to rise until the water was so shallow that swamps and bogs were formed. The luxurious vegetation which grew at that time, now forms the rich coal beds for which Canmore is noted.

Again time passed and at the close of the Mesozoic or Reptile age, which geologists figure was from four to forty millions of years ago, another tremendous push from the West was so great that it lifted the whole rocky crust of the district, and as the pressure continued, this folded together like creases in a sheet of paper, and finally overturned towards the east. Later still, the strata broke and younger rocks were pushed above the older formation.

The great breaking of the crust occurred near Castle. East of this point the mountains are generally of old grey limestone, sloping in gentle rounded formations from the west, and breaking off in steep escarpments on the east side. Rundle Mountain is an example of this writing desk formation.

West of the break, the rock has been lifted straight up, so that the strata lies horizontally. These mountains are more massive, their

forms more block-like and their summits are like pyramids or rounded domes.

After this change the ice age held the land in its grasp. For thousands of years there was no growth. In the animal kingdom it was a case of the survival of the fittest. Remnants of this age are still to be seen and this will be dealt with in another chapter. At last the ice moved northwards and gradually the climate became warmer and vegetation began to clothe the mountains and valleys with new life.

But it was some time before man came to the mountains. The Indians had a superstitious fear of the Rockies, and while they would hunt game or fish within their confines, they did not live in them.



Coming Of The Indians

2

The first Indians to cross the mountains were the Kootenays. They were fleeing from their hereditary enemies the Blackfeet, and possibly, choosing the lesser evil, they trekked over the Great Divide and settled on the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers.

The Shushwaps came next and left their mark. Thirty years ago the visitor could discern the circular pits over which they spread their tents. Some remnants of this tribe still remain on Tunnel Mountain, and oldtimers tell of finding arrow heads and other signs of their habitation there; repudiating the idea prevalent in the early days, that the round holes were buffalo wallows.

Willow formations about three feet in height were used by the Indians as turkish baths. For years after the white men came, one of these stood at the foot of Cascade Mountain. They would cover these wickiups with blankets or buffalo robes then drop red hot stones into a vessel of water in the centre of the structure, until the steam from the water made the bather perspire freely. This was the cure for rheumatism and like ailments, probably before they discovered the healing power of the Sulphur springs. A model of one of these baths occasionally stands in front of The Sign of the Goat curio store, south of the Bow bridge.

Many were the battles fought by the various tribes among themselves. Some of them were continually at war. All the Indians loved to deck their naked bodies in the most fearsome colors, and the more ghastly their appearance, the better dressed they were for battle. War-

riors living near the mountains used yellow and red ochre for the purpose.

Some thirty-seven miles from Banff, near Marble Canyon, at the mouth of Ochre Creek, still stand the Indian Paint beds. There are several acres of these and it must have been a wonderful sight to see the banks of rainbow-hued deposits, a foot in thickness from which the Indians obtained their lurid paints. At the head of the beds were the iron springs which gushed out from a curiously shaped bath-tub formation and which were filled to the brim with water strongly flavored with iron. Time has changed all this, but one can still see the ochre beds, which have been mined for the use of paint manufacturers, and unfortunately they are not nearly as beautiful as they were in their native state.

The next Indians in the mountains were the Crees who lived here many years. They, too, left their footprints on the mountain's page. The term Rocky Mountains is from a Cree word, Assin-wati, meaning stony or rocky. Kananaskis, Seebe and Minnewanka all date back to this tongue. The word Muchimanto-sagi-agun means Devil's Lake in Cree, and is the name which all the Indians called Lake Minnewanka.

In the early days all sorts of propitiatory offerings were placed on Devil's Head Mountain at the east end of the lake. When an Indian wanted good hunting he placed his best pipe there. If he wanted to marry the chief's daughter, perhaps he would leave a beaded tobacco pouch or even tobacco itself. Whatever was most precious, that he left to bribe the evil spirit.

There is a story of a Cree who with his squaw and little family, were attacked by five enemies at the Devil's Head pass. The Cree was worried. How could he defend his family against five men? He was not ready to die, and said as much to his wife. She replied: "We are young, and not at all to be pitied. Because we are not old and have not lived our full lives we have an additional motive not to have a small heart." So saying she shot one of the attacking party. Her husband heartened by his squaw's action shot two more of them with his bow and arrows. The fourth man approached with his tomahawk ready to avenge his brothers, but he accidentally stumbled and fell on his knife, killing himself. The remaining man stopped only long enough to shoot at and wound the Cree and then fled to the plains in terror, sure that the Crees were protected by some evil spirit.

In 1845 the Stoney drove the Crees out of Bow Valley and from that time on, words from their language became a part of mountain history. The Valley of the Ten Peaks, south of Lake Louise, is named for the ten numerals in the Stoney language. Neptuak, one of the peaks, is the Stoney number for nine. Wastach, a river nearby, is their word for "beautiful." There are many other words immortalized in the names of mountain, stream and valley in this land which once was theirs. So the Stoney, too, had their turn, and they, with the coming of the whites, also had to step aside.

Pierre de Verendrye was the first white man to see the Rockies. It was in 1743 he caught sight of the "sea of mountains" as he called them. He would gladly have explored them but his guides refused to go and he was forced to turn back.



Explorers And Missionaries

3

DAVID THOMPSON

David Thompson was the earliest of the explorers to actually arrive at the mountains. He left Rocky Mountain House with five men on November 17th, 1800, travelling south and west. Towards the end of the month he camped near the mouth of the Ghost River and for the next two days he continued up the Bow River to the present site of The Gap, about nineteen miles from Banff. What a shock it would have given the interpid explorer if for one moment he had been vouchsafed a vision of a summer day as it is now, with its swarms of people swimming and riding, its streets thick with motor traffic, speed boats on the river and airplanes soaring in the sky! That vision, however, was not for him. He saw only the shining mountains beckoning him on to fathom their mysteries.

During his explorations, Thompson crossed the mountains by the Saskatchewan and Howse Pass in 1807 and established a fort in the Kootenay country on Lake Windermere. In 1811 he discovered the Athabasca Pass. He reached the source of the Columbia River, and was the first white man to voyage on its upper branches and main tributaries. He was the greatest geographer of his day in British America. He was the maker of its best map, for although a fur trader and partner in the Northwest Company, he preferred to devote his time to exploration and survey.

It is sad to relate that this great explorer died in the most abject poverty, at the age of eighty-six years, so poor that he had to pawn his coat for the wherewithal to live.

It was forty years after Thompson's first sight of the mountains that Rev. Robert T. Rundle arrived. He camped for several days at the upper end of Devil's Lake in 1841. He had made the journey from his mission at Edmonton. During his stay he climbed Cascade mountain, and visited the Bow Falls.

Mr. Rundle was a Methodist minister and was the first Protestant missionary in the district. His scriptural teaching led to many of the Indians accepting Christianity. The Indians themselves gave him this fitting epitaph: "Poor he came among us, and poor he went away, leaving us rich."

A towering mountain 9,840 feet above sea level bears his name, and a pretty little church in the town built of stone from the mountain itself, is called Rundle Memorial United Church. In its grounds is a stone erected to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the coming of this first missionary to Banff and his portrait may be seen inside the church.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON

Sir George Simpson, the man who was responsible for harmonizing the two big companies, Hudson's Bay and Northwest Fur Traders, set out from Fort Edmonton on the 28th of July, 1841. He had a party of 25 men and 45 horses, and was on a trip around the world. A Cree half-breed called Peechee accompanied him as guide. This party met Mr. Rundle on their first day out from Edmonton and camped together that night.

When Sir George's party arrived at Devil's Lake, or Lake Minnewanka, he renamed it Lake Peechee, but since then it has reverted to its former name, and is known as Minnewanka today. The party camped across the Bow near the mouth of Healey Creek, and later on crossed the mountains by Simpson Summit. The tree on which the initials of Sir George and another member of the party were cut, has since been felled, and the cutting is one of the relics of the Simpson party which is preserved in a Banff museum.

Sir George continued his journey overland by the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers, reaching Fort Vancouver the last day of August.

REV. FATHER DE SMET

A Belgian Jesuit priest, Rev. Father Jean de Smet, a missionary to the Kootenay Indians, went through Whiteman's Pass into what is now Canmore in September, 1845. On his way he had carved the likeness of a cross on a spruce tree on the banks of what he described as "a limpid lake at the base of the Cross of Peace." In his diary he adds that he trusts "it may be a sign of salvation and peace to all the scattered tribes east and west of these gigantic and lurid mountains."

This cross was set on the Divide between the Cross River (which thus received a name) and the Spray River. Father de Smet was the first white man to see the birthplace of the lovely dancing Spray which joins the Bow just below the falls.

The priest described scenery and events with a beauty-loving eye glowing with enthusiasm. He travelled great distances in the mountains, filled with missionary zeal and the ardor which characterized his order.

SIR JAMES HECTOR

Sir James or Dr. Hector came to the mountains as medical officer and geologist to an expedition which had been sent out by a committee of the British House of Commons to obtain information about the country. It was under the leadership of Captain John Palliser.

More than a decade had passed since the two brave missionaries, Rev. Mr. Rundle and Father de Smet had worked among the Indians. The latter remembered their goodness, but nevertheless they jealously guarded the trails to their hunting grounds. Too well they knew that white men came to destroy their game. Why should they show him their trails?

Captain Palliser came up against this almost impassable barrier in his search for a passage that would lead through to the Pacific coast and thus link up Canada's east and west. The Indians were fierce and cruel when opposed—more than one white had paid with his life—more than one scalp had been taken ere this. The Palliser party had reached a point where the great Rockies loomed tantalizingly near and there they had to stop. The Indians refused to let

them go on. Arguments were of no avail. The warriors would not be moved. The explorers wondered if anything could be done and at last began to discuss other routes of entering the mountains.

Then the unexpected happened. Sickness came to the Indian camp; child after child died, and the Indians cried out in anguish. Dr. Hector heard of the disease and hurried to the camp with his medicine kit. It was a form of dysentery, and using the few simple remedies he had with him, he was able to overcome the sickness. The Indians were so grateful that they treated him as hardly less than a God. Dr. Hector could do anything he wished, and so his desire to go into the mountains was immediately granted.

Escorted by Indians, the party came to the present site of Banff, and passing through the valley, Dr. Hector named Cascade and Rundell Mountains. They continued on over the Vermillion Pass to the head of the Kootenay River and down the Beaverfoot to a river which joined it at the present station of Leanchoil.

They followed this unnamed river to the east. It was on this stream that Dr. Hector almost lost his life, and through this accident that the river became the Kicking Horse. In trying to force his steed through the angry waters, the animal rebelled in no uncertain terms. Dr. Hector received a violent blow on the chest and the horse dashed madly off. His companions, thinking he was dead, proceeded to dig his grave, but fortunately for the intrepid explorer he revived as they were preparing to lower him to his last resting place.

In 1859 Dr. Hector made another trip, leaving the present site of Edmonton and going up the Pipestone Pass to the Bow River, more new country over which he was the first to travel and explore. Captain Palliser said of him that "in addition to being an accomplished naturalist, Dr. Hector is the most accurate mapper of original country I have ever seen, and there is no department of the expedition in which he is not only competent but willing to assist."

Accommodation of every kind,
Hotels, Motels, Rooms and camp-
sites are available to the tourist.

Shown at left is world
famous Banff Springs Hotel.

Below: Mt. Stephen Hall,
Banff Springs Hotel.



C.P.R. Photo



C.P.R. Photo

The Rockies
near Lake Louise





Banff is served by modern road and rail transport. Pictured above is the ultimate in diesel travel, "The Canadian," with majestic Mt. Eisenhower as a backdrop.

C.P.R. Photo

C.P.R. Photo

Vermillion Lake and Mt. Rundle in early winter



The town of Banff began with the coming of the surveyors in 1881. Headed by Major A. B. Rogers, they were sent by the Canadian Pacific Company to find a route through the mountains. There were seventy-five men in the party and their meeting place was Kananaskis. Major Rogers himself journeyed over the mountains from Fort Steele which was then known as Wild Horse camp. Others travelled from Fort Benton by foot, pony and prairie schooner. The date for the meeting was set for July 15th.

The party left most of their supplies at the meeting place. While waiting for all to arrive, the Kananaskis valley was explored. Then the whole group followed the north bank of the Bow River up the valley, hacking their way through thick forests and undergrowth. This is the reason they did not discover the present railroad route through the Cascade trench.

Three days later they arrived at Mt. Cory, the mountain with the Hole-in-the-Wall. There they had lunch and then went different ways. One gang forded the Bow River and ascended Healey Creek to Simpson summit. The other two parties went west to the junction of the Bow and an unnamed stream. This little river got its name later through an obstreperous horse. Major Rogers was riding it and trying to get it to cross the water. The pony preferred not to, and in the mix-up that followed, the Major took an unexpected dive into the stream. Hence its name, Bath Creek.

Here the two gangs separated. One group battled its way to

the Bow Summit to survey back, while Major Rogers' party crossed the Bow and worked up the Kicking Horse Summit.

The following year, 1882, the latter route having been chosen for the railroad, all gangs were rushed to work on it. Major Rogers, his nephew and the late Tom Wilson, of Banff, and the man who was later the Hon. Frederick Aylmer were the only ones of the original party to return. Engineer Davis was assigned the task of running a preliminary line from the present site of Lake Louise to Fort Calgary. He ran his lines close to the original trail, keeping on the south side of the Bow and crossing that river a little east of the present Banff bridge.

This required a tunnel nine hundred feet long to be built through a part of Tunnel Mountain. Davis' superior, Sir William Van Horne, objected strongly to a tunnel. They were too expensive, he said, and required too much time for construction.

Early in 1883, Sir William received the profile map of Davis' survey. He called his chief construction engineer into his office, J. H. E. Secretan, and ordered him to "go immediately to Mile 942 and take that damned tunnel out!" (Mile 942 from Winnipeg was to be the site of the new town which would some day become Banff.)

Instead of making the journey, Secretan wired his divisional engineer, C. A. E. Shaw, to try and eliminate the tunnel. Shaw, while considering the matter, took a walk up Tunnel Mountain and from there saw a small stream which he thought emptied into the Bow River. He explored and in this way the Cascade trench was discovered. It not only did away with the tunnel, but also shortened the line by a mile and a half. Mile 942 was now at the foot of Cascade Mountain.

Therefore Shaw's momentous Sunday walk is responsible for the fact that the town of Banff, known then as Siding 29, was located on the site of the present buffalo paddocks, instead of on the plain behind Tunnel Mountain.

The town got its name at the time of the building of the railroad. With the coming of the steel came Donald Smith, the man who named Banff.

Lord Strathcona, as he later became, was a Scotsman. Seeing the rugged mountains, the sparkling water and wooded glens so

like his native land, it is natural that his thoughts turned towards home. The rivers and lakes, laden with trout, reminded him of the salmon fishing in Banffshire. The pure cold water made him think of the Scottish streams which the inhabitants boast is the best and purest in the world.

Possibly a little lonely for his "ain countree" he named this little town, nestling at the feet of the lofty mountains, Banff, in memory of his home, giving it the highest compliment in his power.



The Beginning Of The Tourist Trade

5

Banff depends almost entirely on its tourist trade for a living. Nearly every house has signs showing accommodation for guests; curio and general stores buy their stock with the needs of the visitors in mind; restaurants and tea-rooms hire extra help in summer; sure-footed mountain ponies are hazed into town for dude riders; and in fact everything in town is in some way connected with the tourist trade.

After the Canadian Pacific had built a railroad house at Section 29, a man called Dave Keefe opened up a hotel. His wife was the first white woman in Banff. Keefe had a far vision of future prosperity and he started the tourist trade a-rolling.

By this time the sulphur cave had been discovered, and Keefe's first move was to build a raft. This he attached to a cable which enabled the raft to be pulled across the Bow River from either side. He quickly made a profitable business out of renting the raft to engineers, railroad men and visitors. Once over the river, the marshy nature of the ground led him to devise another branch to his trade—that of renting rubber boots to his clients. So the first outfitting began.

The little siding grew considerably in 1885, and there was quite a good sized village when by an order-in-council Rocky Mountains Park was created, reserving an area of ten square miles around the Sulphur Springs as a national holding. Shortly after, members of the legislature passing through, were so impressed by its beauty,



Alberta Government Photo

Upper Hot Springs Pool



Valley of Ten Peaks
Moraine Lake

Alberta Government Photo

Alberta Government Photo



Cave and Basin Pool, Banff

that they proposed a larger reservation. The Governor-General Lord Landsdowne was so enthusiastic about the prospects of the sulphur springs, he secured an analysis of the water. He believed in its curative properties and prophesied that thousands of invalids from the entire continent would seek its healing powers, a foresight that has long since been justified.

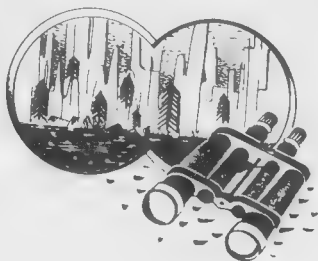
In 1886, Mr. George A. Stewart, D.L.S., was commissioned to survey the area and furnish plans for a proposed townsite. Mr. Stewart pitched his tent at old Banff and later built a cabin about half way between the present bridge and the Banff Springs Hotel. He surveyed a road to the springs, through the Park reservation and the townsite. A few cabins sprang up on the new survey, but old Banff still remained the main town. By the end of the year it had two hotels, one of them a portable one from Montreal, two general stores, a furniture store and livery stable. The residents contended it would be the future town in spite of Stewart's surveys.

Then the C.P.R. decided to erect a hotel at the junction of the Bow and Spray Rivers, on a site personally chosen by Sir William Van Horne. The material was hauled over what is now Lynx Street to a point opposite the boat house where Mr. Stewart had constructed a pontoon bridge. From there it was taken by rough trail to the building site.

In 1887, Mr. Stewart was appointed the first superintendent of the new Park, the area of which was now increased to 260 square miles. That year the bridge across the Bow was constructed, which was replaced in 1923 by the present one. People began taking up lots on the new survey, and by the end of the year the nucleus of a village had begun. By spring there were quite a number of buildings on Main Street; two hotels, a butcher shop, Methodist church, the superintendent's office and the school. In addition, the Banff Springs Hotel, two five-storey wings of wood on stone foundations, with a covered passage connecting the two units, was completed and ready for opening the following year. A couple of Mounted Police were also stationed in Banff, and their police station was about midway between the two towns, about where the four hundred block on Banff Avenue is now.

The next year both Banffs boasted Post Offices, and the feud between them was very evident. Then the C.P.R. cast the deciding

vote and announced that they would build a new station on the new site. From then on new Banff boomed and gradually all the residents of the old town followed the railroad's lead and moved to the new location.



Long before any white men had come to Banff, the Indians had discovered the curative properties of the now famous Sulphur Springs. Every year for centuries the red men came to the mountains, and camping under Cascade Mountain, which they called Big Chief, their sick and aged bathed in the healing sulphur waters. It was an annual event. The entire tribe moved to the mountains in the Summer or Fall, the well ones to hunt and fish, the rheumatic and arthritic to bathe and be healed.

The first whites to discover the springs were three friends who in 1882 were members of the construction crew of the railroad. Beckoned by the lure of gold in the mountains, they quit their jobs, and in the spring of 1883 arrived at Banff, months ahead of the railroaders. They built a wigwam at the foot of Stoney Squaw and settled down to prospect.

The three men, Thomas and William McCardell and Frank McCabe, built a raft and crossed the Bow River to explore, and there they accidentally discovered what is now known as the Cave and Basin. They found an opening in the rock from which sulphur fumes were escaping and discovered that this was really the skylight of a natural cave, rounded out of solid rock. Entering by means of a rope let down into the cave they saw a wonderful sight.

In the centre, occupying practically the entire forty-foot space was a lake of deepest emerald hue, hot and steaming with sulphur-

ous fumes. A narrow beach around one side, offered good footing, but the rest of the rock rose at a steep circular slope, curving out at the sides like a globe and narrowing to the tiny opening far above, through which they had come.

Rainbow-hued stalactites studded the walls and top of the cavern, and the men marvelled at its beauty. This was the most wonderful thing they had ever seen. Here the Supreme Artist had encased a hidden jewel in a setting of crystal-like stones. And it was theirs! They had discovered it!

The three men built a wooden fence around the opening and constructed a log cabin nearby—one of Banff's first houses. They immediately started proceedings to secure a lease, homestead rights, or anything that would allow them to commercialize their find.

Later on, while hunting on Cascade Mountain one cold Fall day, they made another find. They saw what they thought was smoke rising from a spot higher up on the mountain than their sulphur cave, and on investigating, discovered the location of the present Upper Hot Springs, which they also staked out as discoverers' claims.

The story of the Sulphur Springs had by now reached the East, and D. B. Woodworth, member for Kings, N.S., headed a party to the new springs. He and his friends squatted at the base of Cascade Mountain, which by now the steel had reached. Little Siding 29 was there, struggling for existence.

In 1884, with the lease of the Hot Springs still ungranted, the McCardell brothers discovered their partner had sold the trio's rights to Mr. Woodworth without their knowledge, for a sum of fifteen hundred dollars, a third of which was to be paid down. They immediately hired a rising young lawyer, later well known as Sir James Loughheed, and wired the Minister of the Interior the facts, mentioning that the sale had been made without their consent and that no cash had changed hands. This effectively stopped the deal.

The Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, with far-sighted vision realized what an asset the wonderful curative springs would be to the Dominion of Canada, and bought the squatters' rights from the discoverers. So the sulphur springs became national property.

For several years bathing in the Cave was accomplished by going down a tree ladder, forty-five feet long, into the cave. Many

Mount Rundle and Vermillion Lakes



Alberta Government Photo

Alberta Government Photo



Lake Minnewanka

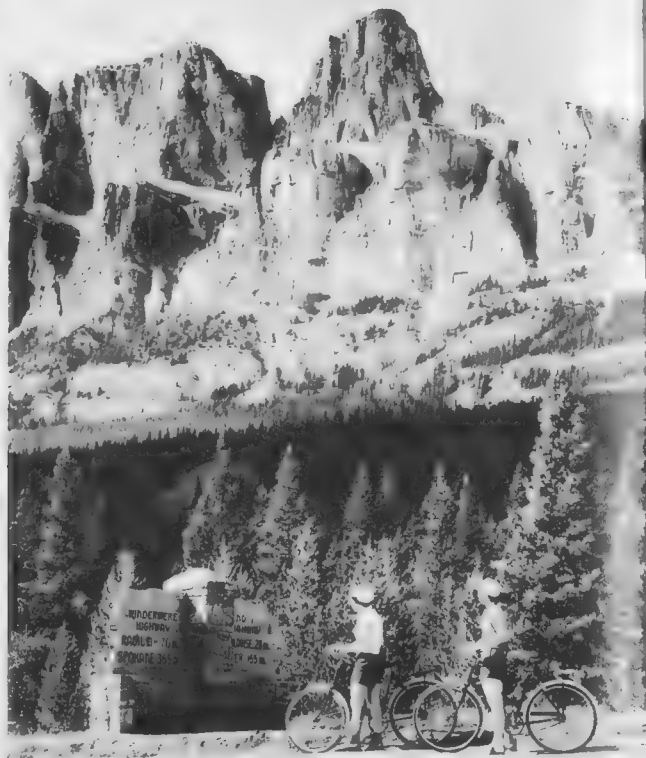
Bow Falls, Banff

Alberta Government Photo



Alberta Government Photo

Eisenhower Junction,
showing Mt. Eisenhower



notable visitors enjoyed the novelty of scrambling down this rough way. Among them were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Sir John A. and Lady MacDonald, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Lord and Lady Minto.

Lake Louise

During his second trip with the surveying party of the Canadian Pacific Company, under Major Rogers, the late Tom Wilson, of Banff, made camp one night beside Pipestone Creek, thirty-seven miles West of Banff. It was on August 23rd, 1882 and few if any white men had ever seen this country. Only the odd red man had ever passed this way.

As they lay in camp that night a heavy thunderstorm rolled over them and the wild rumbling, curiously enough out of a clear sky studded with stars, woke the travellers. Wilson's first thought was that it was an avalanche, but one of the Indians came up to him and spoke in Stoney: "The Great Spirit speaks at the Lake of the Little Fishes."

He inquired where this lake was found and how far away, and gathered from the Indian that it was about five miles distant. The Stoney said it was the lake where the Great Spirit had painted a picture for the Indians, and that, unlike the white men's pictures, this did not fade. It always held the image of the ice mountain in its clear cool depths. Most of the party thought the Indian was speaking of the general run of tiny lakes formed by glaciers melting in the hot sun such as they had run across again and again in their survey. They were not interested but the red man insisted. There was nowhere else in the whole world a spot like this Lake of the Little Fishes.

Tom Wilson decided to go and see for himself. It would be fine to get some good fishing. So he sent the Stoney off to bed, promising to leave with him at daybreak to go to this wonderful lake.

They had a very rough passage the following morning, through rough boulder strewn canyons, up wild animal tracks, through tangled

forests, over fallen logs and rough bush, but Wilson persisted. At last after an extremely hard five-hour climb the Indian leading pointed out the crest of a vast mountain. This, he said, recently, was where the Great Spirit made the thunder, and the white man saw that a vast glacier clung to the upper reaches of the mountain.

Travelling on farther they crossed a little brook in which ice broken away from the glacier was floating. A fresh gap about five hundred yards in width showed the passage of a mountain slide, evidently the thunder-maker of the previous night. The men hurried up an embankment heavily timbered and breaking through a barrier of thick brush, the lovely waters of Lake Louise burst upon their view. Totally surrounded by close towering peaks, with the magnificent mountain that later was called Mount Victoria, directly in front of them and tall evergreens completely surrounding the beautiful spot, the blue waters gleaming in the sunlight, still as a mirror, and in it the Indian's picture, as he had said, made by the Great Spirit himself. It was the most beautiful spot that the surveyor had ever seen in all his travels in five chains of mountains through Western Canada.

Tom Wilson named his find Emerald Lake, reporting his discovery to the Canadian Pacific Company. Later he blazed a trail to the lake, so that others too might share the beauty of this enchanted spot.

In 1884, Dr. G. M. Dawson, head of the Geological Survey, and Lord Temple, President of the British Association, renamed it Lake Louise in honor of Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne who was at that time Governor-General of Canada. Wilson considered the new name appropriate and used to say: "There are hundreds of Emerald Lakes, but there is only one Lake Louise. It was painted by the Master, first for the Indians and now for all the world to look upon."

Dr. Brett's Sanitorium

Dr. R. G. Brett, surgeon on C.P.R. construction, in 1886, obtained the Government's permission to select any site he chose in consideration of his spending a certain sum in the erection of a

sanitorium to provide adequate accommodation for invalids and tourists visiting the park.

The first place Dr. Brett built was a hotel and private hospital. The former had accommodation for fifty guests; the sanitorium had room for forty patients. In connection with these he had up-to-date bathing parlors under the supervision of trained assistants.

All of the lumber was purchased at the Lake of the Woods, there being no sawmills in the West at that time. It was unloaded at Forty Mile Creek and rafted down the river to the site of the present boat house. Later a pontoon bridge was built at this point, and it greatly facilitated transportation, although the road from the station was very bad.

The bathing accommodations at first consisted of a kind of pit about four by six feet dug in the ground and protecting the bather rather sparingly from view by a light covering of pine boughs.

Later, a log shack chinked with moss, was erected. It was divided into two compartments, one for ladies, the other for men. More accommodation was soon necessary, and, as the Government had not laid pipes to the Sanitorium as was expected, Dr. Brett built the Grand View Hotel at the Upper Hot Springs in the fall of 1886.

In connection with this was a bath-house that proved a boon to many a sufferer from rheumatism. When the pipes were finally laid to the Brett Sanitorium, the hotel at the springs was sold. Later it burned down.

A few years ago there were many testimonials left at the Upper Springs. Canes and crutches were there, and some sufferers who had perhaps gained more than others left full-sized testimonials.

"I had to be carried up to the Springs," said one. "I could not bear even the motion of a carriage. I had not walked for two years and every movement was an agony. In three weeks after coming here, I walked down to Banff, and in five I ran a foot race. Praise God."

Another said: "I threw away the crutches I had used for four years, after being here ten days. I walked with a stick for two weeks and then threw that away."

Unfortunately when the old buildings burned down, these interesting relics were lost.

The present Upper Hot Springs bath-house is an imposing-looking structure, built in 1932, a well-equipped modern building. The temperature of the hot pool is about 100° Fahrenheit, and ranges in depth from three feet at the steps to six and a half feet at the deepest end. There are plunges which have a temperature of from 4° to 8° warmer than the pool; there are tubs and a steam room with a temperature of 120°. Bed cots in the plunges allow the bather to lie down and cool off.

It is a good idea to obey the sign displayed by the Government and limit one's bathing to 15 or 20 minutes, as the hot water is enervating after that time and the bather is liable to emerge with little energy and find himself completely worn out.

Near the Upper Springs are the Kidney Springs. These contain Lithia. They also have special therapeutic properties. As yet they are undeveloped.

Still further west the Middle Springs will be found. There a small cave encloses a pool of sulphur water in which tiny fishes used to dash merrily around in the warm waters. They never grew but always stayed the same size and no one seemed to know where they came from or whither they went.

These small native fish disappeared suddenly after other small fish called *Gambusia* were introduced in 1918 by Mr. E. Hearle, Dominion Entomologist, as a part of the Mosquito Control campaign, and as the *Gambusia* are cannibalistically inclined, the mystery seems to be explained. The descendants of the introduced fish are still alive and healthy and may be seen in the stream of water above the Cave and Basin.

The *Gambusia* have a temperature tolerance of up to 100° Fahrenheit which explains why they thrive so well in the hot sulphur water. They are fighters and therefore are not suitable for aquariums where there are other species as they will destroy even the beautiful fins of the goldfish.

All *Gambusia* are uniform in color. There are no distinguishing marks to separate the male from the female, such as the dots on the tale of female Guppies which are a similar species. Their young is born alive and is able to stand on its own merits almost from birth.

A Tunnel Built to the Cave

The annual report of the Department of the Interior for the fiscal year of 1887 in speaking of the ladder descent into the Cave, says in part:

"The many dangers attending this mode of access, rendered it necessary to devise something better and attended with less risk to the visitor and indeed persons in a weakly state or delicate health, seeking relief by the virtues of water in the Cave, were prevented from attaining their object by reason of the dangerous means whereby they were required to reach these healing waters.

It was obvious that serious accidents might occur at any time and the Government held responsible for the consequences by reason of allowing this shaky and slippery ladder to remain any longer in use. These facts were reported, and immediate orders returned to carry out the suggestion of opening a tunnel on a level grade from the terrace below, over which the water from the Cave discharged.

The work of running a tunnel into the sulphur cave was given to the late Mr. George Fear, who was a resident of Banff for over fifty years. The rock formation was soft and with only a couple of men, Mr. Fear was able to complete the tunnel.

The stream of cold water that flowed from above the Cave, down to the Bow over the terrace mentioned in the report, had formed quite a channel. When workers had dug in a short distance they discovered that a man could crawl up the channel to the Cave itself. This was done by one of them, and after his report, the tunnel was constructed along the water channel. The work was completed the winter of 1887, and this, of course, added much to the attraction of the Cave, affording as it did, a level and easy mode of access.

Unfortunately the surface being soft, the cold water broke out over the entrance later, and further work had to be done to block the stream. At any rate the report goes on to say:

"When the improvements at the Cave were first contemplated it was thought that the driving of the tunnel through into it, the deepening of its pond and clearing of rough rocks from the bottom would constitute the whole of the work necessary but it was soon found from the nature of the rock which composed the sides and

bottom that a very treacherous substance had to be dealt with, and every precaution would be necessary to insure success in any works carried out in connection therewith.

The whole cave is a deposit principally of carbonate of lime, and when the natural dam across the outlet was taken away to enable the workmen to remove the fragments of rock projecting up from the bottom and sides, it was found that extreme care would be necessary to protect the Cave from destruction by the exposure of new inlets of water and the undermining action of these streams. As the fragments of rock were removed, new apertures were visible, and streams of quicksand appeared which were before hidden. It was, therefore, obvious that the work now begun must be carried on in the most thorough manner and nothing left to the chance of accident in the future that foresight could provide against. It was, therefore, decided that the work must be done and completed once and for all, and the necessary steps were taken.

"The whole area of the pond was completely cleared of loose and projecting rocks; the deposit of sand and gravel forming the natural dam was removed and a good substantial wall of masonry constructed surrounding the whole pond. By this means the pond was enlarged to nearly three times its original dimensions and deepened to about four feet. A solid masonry wall was substituted for the natural dam, with an iron outlet pipe with valve to regulate the height of water. The whole of the masonry was laid in Portland cement and the inside face of the wall plastered with a thick coat of the same."

The interior of the Cave was by this time lit by lamps which lit up the roof and walls of the stone and warmed the crystal-like stalactities into rainbow shades. It was about this time visitors took to hammering off the colored stones for souvenirs, and long, long ago, the last of these vanished.

Owing to the treacherous quicksand in the Cave pool, the adjoining basin springs were used for bathing, and a rustic building put up for swimmers' use. Later a large pool was built, considerably cooler in temperature than the smaller pool, but the latter was still used. There were quicksand holes in the centre of this, and about the time of the First Great War bathers got a lot of fun disappearing under the water, letting their feet go down into the quicksand, and then

hurriedly drawing them out and heading for the surface when their breath gave out.

Another favorite plan was to go through a narrow passageway into a small cave, between the cave proper and the Basin. To get into it the bather had to lie under water and propel himself through a tiny passage. Once through, the cave was of some height. There was room for about six people at once. Far above could be seen a ray of daylight coming through the rock chimney and young people, particularly, got a great thrill out of the under-water passage. Long since the entrance has been closed, and now even the pool which contains the quicksand is barred off from the public and a new and larger hot-water pool is in use.

The present Cave and Basin pools, a mile west of Town, are among the finest on the continent. The buildings' colorful red roofs stand out from Sulphur Mountain's darker background of spruce and pine, and are easily distinguished from almost any view point in the valley. The pools are bedded with reinforced concrete and faced with Rundle Mountain stone. The large one is 150 by 35 feet, and is one of the biggest in Canada. Its temperature is 70°, while the smaller pool has a temperature of 90°.

The sulphur water is similar to the famous springs at Bath, England, and contains calcium sulphate, calcium bicarbonate, magnesium sulphate, sodium and potassium chlorides and sulphates, strontium and iron. The water has radio-activity to a high degree. The yearly outflow of all the springs is estimated at two million tons per year.

Silver City

During little Banff's first struggles for existence, a boom town of three thousand people flourished to the west. Silver City, built under the precipitous heights of Castle Mountain, had two large mines and in addition a large number of prospectors had staked out claims on the surrounding mountains, hopeful of making their fortunes in silver and copper. At one time the city was considerably larger than Fort Calgary, but now not even a skeleton of its former self remains. Where once were log houses and cabins, stores,

lime kiln and brickyard, is now completely grown over with bush and vegetation. Not even a ghost town remains.

Up until a few years ago the first building of old Silver City stood, tenanted by its first inhabitant, Joe Smith, who lived on that spot for more than half a century and whose only holiday had been a nine months' visit "outside" the mountains in 1889.

It was in August, 1881, that ore, thought to be silver, but containing silver and copper was discovered by white men at Silver City. A prospector, Joe Healey, saw a Stoney Indian with a specimen of copper and ore and induced him to show him the spot where it was found. He took specimens of the rock to Fort Benton, where he interested his brother, a sheriff in Montana, and others. News of the silver strike spread but as there was no transportation system in those days outside of horses and carts, the boom did not come for two years.

With the railroad, which reached Silver City in November, 1883, hundreds of men rushed in to stake their claims. If visitors should chance on claim stakes in wandering about Castle it is more than likely that these are some of the ones staked out so many years ago. One company began a mine on a larger scale about a mile and a half north of the town, calling it by the glamorous title, "Queen of the Hill." A rumor was afloat later that this mine had been "salted" with silver. One man refused \$20,000 for his share in the mine, holding out for larger profits. A month later his share was not worth a cent.

Across the Bow River on the south side, the Alberta Mining Company started operations. Their mine was to be sunk in the vein of copper which appeared on both sides of a ledge and which looked very promising. Six thousand dollars was spent in drilling a tunnel into the rock but as they had not then reached the expected vein the mine was abandoned.

Another famous claim was called the Home Stake. Many other people had claims which they worked for a while and then finally abandoned in disgust. One story told is of the trip which Joe Smith and a Mr. Lewis made into the mountains. Their way lay over a glacier and when they returned to Silver City Mr. Lewis complained of sore feet and headed for Banff to see a doctor. Imagine Dr. Brett's surprise and amazement on as hot a day as ever summer produced,



Bow Valley, Banff

C.P.R. Photo



C.P.R. Photo

Fishing at Lake Minnewanka, Banff.



The sparkle of a Winter's
day, Mt. Rundle, Banff.

C.P.R. Photo

to diagnose frozen feet!

When the first ore was discovered a group of French-Canadians were among the first to take up claims. They immediately built houses and settled down to make their fortunes. However, when newer and better mines beckoned, home owners or not, they were off to newer and brighter horizons. Many of the old buildings were torn down between the years of 1886 and 1888, and shipped to Banff. In fact, Banff's first bathhouse was built from Silver City logs, and many a prairie section house came from the same source.

With the tearing down of the town the name was changed to Castle Mountain, later still to Castle, and in 1946 to Mt. Eisenhower, for the famous Allied Forces General.

Joe Smith came from Quebec, near the border of New Brunswick. He took the railroad to Detroit, Chicago and Winnipeg, each of which was not much more than a mudhole. There was no bridge over the Red River at Winnipeg and passengers were ferried over by scow.

From this city, Smith worked his way on the railroad, eventually arriving at Fort Calgary. He remembered the ease with which ties were put down on the level Manitoba prairies. "All that was necessary was to fill in a few gopher holes and lay the ties," he said, but when they reached Portage la Prairie's sloughs and swamps, Mr. Smith found it a different matter. After many adventures he arrived at Calgary which was a very small place in those days with two stores, one of them the Hudson's Bay, a Roman Catholic Mission and the N.W.M.P. barracks. There was a very bad road through the mountains, only a tote road made to take in supplies for the graders. They travelled by horse and buckboard and in some places it took half a day to go half a mile. On steep grades teams had to be doubled up, and going down the wheels were locked, a very necessary precaution so precipitous were the roads.

Minerals were found in British Columbia, and this proved the downfall of Silver City, for in the adjoining province prospects being even better they called their town Golden.



The Mounties

The North West Mounted Police were formed by the Dominion Parliament on May 23rd, 1873, and were a direct result of the opening up of the Western Prairies. This body of men kept order in the mountains and as early as 1886 had barracks in Banff with about ten men stationed here.

Official recognition was granted the force in 1904 when King Edward VII added the prefix "Royal" to their name as a reward for their "brilliant and steadfast services." The Earl of Minto was named first Honorary Commissioner.

Banff, in company with other National Parks, is one of the few places left where the summer uniform is still the bright red so famous in picture and story. The men stationed here wear the popular color and quite often some fine looking "Mountie" is asked by a romantic visitor to pose for his picture outside the barracks.

At one time there were fifteen men stationed in Banff, but there is little or no crime here now. This may be due to the fact that there is no way of getting out of town by car except through a Park gate where names, addresses, make of cars and other details are noted. The East Gate of Banff National Park is on the Calgary Highway; to the North is Jasper Park; to the South Kootenay Park, and to the West, Yoho.

In 1937 the Banff subdivision was changed to a detachment and at the present time there are only three men and a sergeant stationed in town.

When their Majesties King George VIth and Queen Elizabeth were crowned, Constable R. Lea of the local detachment was chosen to accompany the forty men from the R.C.M.P. who were to attend the coronation. The men were absent from their stations about four months, a good part of which was spent in training both horses and men for the celebrated musical ride which was a feature of the coronation.

Horses are no longer used by the Banff R.C.M.P. Motor cycles were used in the mountains for patrol duty, but they also discontinued.

The small force which policed this vast Dominion of Canada in 1873 with but three hundred men increased steadily until in 1940 it had reached an all-time high of almost four thousand men. Since that time, possibly due to the war it has decreased to some extent.

Entwined maple leaves surmounted by a crown form the R.C.M.P. badge with the inscription "Maintiens le Droit," a constant reminder that their duty is to maintain the right.

In the early days of Banff when the old Bretton Hall hotel stood at the head of the bridge (where the Government office is now located) there was a Sergeant of the R.C.M.P. who had a pet bear.

Sergeant Casey Oliver kept the bear chained up most of the time to a post in front of the barracks but when he was off duty the big black bear followed him around like a huge dog. While as a cub, the bear's mother had been shot, and Casey had brought the tiny animal up on a bottle of milk administered several times a day, until it had grown into the huge four hundred pound bear it now was. Its glossy black skin was bright and shining with health and everyone that passed by admired the beautiful animal.

For a long time now, although Casey didn't know it, the bear had learned to slip out of the collar that held it and it was its nightly practise to take an evening ramble around town and into the woods. Then it would return to its place in front of the barracks and innocently face a new day.

One night while the town was soundly sleeping the bear ambled across the bridge and up to the hotel. It was a very warm night and all the doors and windows were wide open. Bruin had been there before and he wandered in looking for the treat he usually got from his admirers. The night clerk was lying down behind the

desk in a little office room and all was still and peaceful. After looking around downstairs a while the bear mounted the nearby stairs.

Once upstairs he wandered around the hall but most of the doors were closed. At last he came to one that pushed open as he leaned against it and he looked in. A tourist was lying down reading. He didn't hear the bear as it paddled in and looked at him. Bruin remembered the comfortable beds he had curled up on in the barracks in his younger days and if he had been able to talk, he would have said "Shove over, I'm coming in."

About this time the man on the bed looked around and was horrified to see this big brute of a bear standing by the side of the bed. He was too terrified to move or call for help and it was only when the bear put his front paws on the bed preparatory to crawling in that the frightened man recovered the use of his limbs to roll out the other side.

On his hands and knees he crept to the door keeping as close to the floor as possible. Time was an eternity before he reached the entrance. The bear had not followed him and he scrambled through grabbing the door handle as he did so and shutting the door.

He raced downstairs and screamed at the clerk: "There's a bear in my bed! What kind of a hotel do you run anyway? Why I might have been killed and eaten."

"Just a tame bear," said the clerk laconically. "No danger." He strolled back to the telephone and called the Sergeant who came up within seconds.

He rushed up the stairs, stopping only long enough to find out the room number. Sure enough there was his pet comfortably stretched out, its black feet touching the spotless pillowslips, quite at its ease.

"Get out of there you black varmint," roared Casey and the bear thought it prudent to move. As it went down the hall with the Sergeant in close chase one of the dowager ladies from the East looked out her door. "What manner of men are these Mounties," she marvelled. "Even the wild beasts of the forest obey their commands!"

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Stoney Chief and Stoney Squaw Mountains

Long ago there was a brave Indian chief, as wise as he was tall and handsome. He understood the ways of the wild and he could always tell whether the winter was to be short or long, mild or severe. One particularly bad winter came but the Indians were prepared. The braves had killed many buffalo with their bows and arrows. The squaws had made much pemmican. Mighty hunters had brought in skins which the squaws had tanned. That winter they had fur to trade and in spite of severity all was well. The people said: "Our Stoney Chief is good; he is a wise father to his people."

It was true, but the Stoney Chief had prepared for everything except one thing of which the Indians knew nothing. A dread disease struck the white people in the fort where the red men took their furs. The traders brought back the disease with them, and all the people suffered. The chief was worried. People in the wigwams where the sickness came passed away like flies before a summer wind.

Then the Stoney Chief went by himself to a mighty lake where he knew the spirits gathered. (Lake Minnewanka, we call it now.) "Save my tribe," he begged. "Take me if the spirits wish, but let my people live." The evil spirits howled with the voice of an angry wind. "I will return with my squaw," the chief offered. "Take both of us if you will." The spirits accepted his offer, and the wind died to a low growl of assent. He returned home and told his tribe.

"All will be well with you," he said, "if those who can travel leave their tepees and go high into the mountains for three moons." He appointed his son to act as chief in his absence and he and his wife returned to the Spirit water.

"Here we are," he cried again. "Take us and save our tribe," and with that they cast themselves into the mighty lake. The spirits were so impressed with the chief's bravery and that of his good squaw that they set them up as an example to all men, two mountains which stand guard forever over the grounds where once the Indian roamed. There they are to this day—Stoney Squaw and Stoney Chief (the Indian name for Cascade).

CASCADE FALLS

Many moons ago an Indian princess fell in love with a white hunter who stayed at their lodge on his way to the gleaming mountains. She was very beautiful and her long shining hair hung to her feet in braids. No other maiden in the tribe had such wonderful hair, and she was very proud of it. Tall warrior braves vied for her hand in marriage but she put off making a decision. She knew that if she told them it was to the white hunter she had given her heart the jealous young men of the tribe would kill him.

Then her lover returned, sad and disappointed. He could not find the precious metal which he sought. The princess told him secretly that he must leave the following day. She would meet him on the trail and lead him to the place of precious metals. It is said she led him to a vein of gold so rich he thought only of what his gold would do for him in far distant cities and he abandoned the beautiful princess.

She trailed him, her love forgotten in jealous rage and when she caught up to him one night she stabbed him to the heart. Then in despair and remorse she ended her own life by throwing herself from Stoney Chief Mountain.

Sometimes, the Indians say, you can see the rippling cascade of her long hair as it falls in a glistening stream down the mountain side.

LAKE MINNEWANKA

This is the lake where the spirits are said to meet. The evil ones may be heard howling and shrieking almost any night at the east end of the lake where the wind roars through the Devil's Gap. The Devil Head Mountain is the one oddly shaped peak that stands out from all the rest on the motor trip from Calgary to Banff.

This lake is said to be so deep that it is bottomless. If people are lost in the lake their bodies are never recovered. One more reason it was called Devil's Lake.

Noah Cecil - Cree Buffalo Hunter

One of the interesting Indian characters who used to come with the Stoney Indians to Banff every summer was Noah Cecil, veteran buffalo hunter. This ancient Indian reached the advanced age of 103 years before he passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground. He was a Cree, who with his family, left their Saskatchewan home to follow the Rev Mr. McDougall to the mountains. He was accepted into the Stoney tribe and given blood brotherhood and for many years lived among his adopted people.

It was in 1879 that he arrived in the mountains. Already his life had been packed full of adventure. He had been wounded in battle many times, the first occasion when he was but fifteen years old, and he carried proudly his many scars, relics of long-forgotten Indian wars. When they arrived in the mountains he said of that time: "No white men here. Nothing at all. Nothing," he reiterated as if to emphasize the fact that only the Indians and a few whites were scattered throughout the west.

After three or four years the "redcoats" came and settled where Calgary is now. Captain Denney, head of the troop, commissioned Noah Cecil to get him antelope of which there were many herds in the country. "Every day I get one and make treat for police," he said.

Asked why he did not kill more, when there were so many, he said that as it was in July he would kill only one, as the meat would not keep in the hot weather. The Indians themselves used only one every three days.

Noah Cecil described how a great herd of buffalo ran all over the plains of Calgary, among the thousands of Saskatoon bushes which grew on the hillsides. His arrows were tipped with flint and headed with eagle feathers, so they would fly strong and true. His bow was made of buffalo sinew. He explained how he would creep up on the herd as close as he could get on horseback until he got into the right position for a shot. The best place to kill these tough-hided animals, he said, was to hit them behind the front legs.

Buffalo cows and calves were very plentiful in the summer time and the bulls were very fierce. On one occasion while hunting them

he got a deep scar which he bore all his life. He was riding horseback as usual toward the buffalo herd. He had already picked out his mark and had his eyes fixed on a fine bull. Suddenly he was tackled from one side by a cow. Just as she had nearly reached him he quickly turned his horse but not soon enough. The animal struck his leg with one horn which he noticed had been broken off.

Noah managed, however, to bring his bow into action as the animal turned. The arrow sped fair and true, fortunately for him and the cow fell almost at his horse's feet. Cecil was laid up for a long time but he remembered the incident with considerable satisfaction. "It was good fat cow—good meat. I beat him all right."

Another time Noah saw the buffalo bulls surround a poor horse and as he told about it he shuddered for he recalled how one animal after another tossed the poor beast into the air, to be caught on another buffalo's horns and tossed again and again backwards and forwards among the herd until it was a mass of lifeless flesh.

When the Indian was a boy of fifteen his tribe, the Crees, were at war with the Blackfeet. In those days battles had to be staged in fair weather, because if it rained the feather on the end of the arrow would get wet and it would not carry. They were very particular about the feathers used for their arrows. Eagles' plumage must be used so that the arrows would go the longest distance. Nowadays, with so many other weapons at hand, the braves are content with hawks' feathers for their arrows, for they no longer depend for food and even their lives on the state of their bows and arrows.

The sinews of the bow were formerly of buffalo which made them tough and strong, and the arrows were pointed with bone or flint. In this particular war Noah Cecil received an arrow in the side. It was many moons before it healed, and as long as he lived he would point to the scar on his side with a conqueror's pride.

Indians have a keen sense of humor and Noah always used to laugh when he remembered the time some of the encampment dogs were out foraging on their own. They were chased by a herd of buffalo and naturally headed for the camp. When the wild herd arrived, the tribe scattered in all directions, leaving all they possessed to the marauders.

One year the Stoneys were encamped at Banff, but when they were ready to return home one man was very ill and could not be moved. So

the oldest Cecil, Noah's grandfather, and three other men were told off to stay with the sick man. The latter knew he was dying, and asked that he be buried on top of Tunnel Mountain (as it is now known). In those days Banff was still a thing of the distant future, and there were only animal trails. It took the four men a full day to carry the body of their friend to the mountain summit. When they arrived, they built a teepee for his spirit to rest in and laid him down half sitting up, his back resting against some closely set-up sticks. Asked why it was that the Indian wished to be buried on the mountain, old Noah said: "A man's a long time dead. On mountain he see more."

One of his last hunting experiences was with three grizzly bears. By this time Noah owned a .33 Winchester. He saw the three most dangerous of animals, one behind the other. He shot the first one. Then he aimed at the second and got it. The third, however, had been advancing towards him all this time, its little eyes red with angry passion. Fortunately for Noah he had spent long hours practising with his gun. He had plenty of nerve, and he fired again at the third grizzly with a steady aim. It fell, mortally wounded, but as it went down it lunged forward striking his cheek with its long ferocious claw. The Indian carried a facial scar from this adventure to his dying day, but he did not care, for he had "beaten again."

Andrew Sibbald

Alberta's first school teacher was Mr. Andrew Sibbald who came to the West in 1875 and lived to celebrate his one hundredth birthday in Banff in 1933.

Mr. Sibbald came from Ontario in June of 1875 to seek his fortune in the West. He knew little about the land to which he was coming except that it was inhabited by Indians, many of them hostile and he had heard of the great herds of buffalo which ranged the wild prairies. He was met at Winnipeg by David McDougall, member of that famous family whose name is forever linked to Mission Fields from Edmonton to Morley.

Mr. McDougall guided them on the last portion of their journey consisting of one thousand seven hundred and twelve miles. Mr. Sibbald had purchased a horse and light wagon at Fort Garry which was to transport his wife and three children. Another purchase was an ox and Red River cart into which all the family goods and chattels were

loaded, as well as a year's supplies of groceries, a sewing machine and an organ. This latter was the first organ brought to the northwest. It was not however the first musical instrument as some years previously the McDougalls had brought out a folding melodeon.

In the party leaving Fort Garry were the Rev. and Mrs. George McDougall, their family and some friends returning to the West so they formed a good sized party. Their rate of travel was about fifteen miles per day. All streams were forded until they arrived at the South Saskatchewan which they had to cross on a scow.

David McDougall and Mr. Sibbald kept the party in fresh meat as game was plentiful along the way and there were also ducks, geese and prairie chickens. If they were so unfortunate as to drop their birds over water or a slough, they had to go in after their game as they had no dogs and consequently they were frequently wet. However they walked along drying themselves in the sun and soon were warm again.

They ran into a snowstorm at one point and were forced to make an early camp. Unfortunately the snow caught them on the prairie where no trees or even bushes were available for firewood but buffalo chips were collected and a good fire was soon burning. They had their last meal of the day surrounded by snow. The next day the snow was so thick they were forced to camp where they were and out-wait the storm but it proved very uncomfortable as their fuel was too wet to burn and their meals consisted of pemmican and bannocks. The following day the snow subsided and they decided to continue their journey. In order to have a warm breakfast, however, they found it necessary to break up and burn one of the wagon boxes. As they continued west they found less and less snow and that night came upon some willow bushes with which they made a warm fire. In their diaries the men recorded that during all the hardship of the storm, the women and children made no complaints.

They arrived in Morley after a trip which lasted over four months. This was an Indian Mission founded the previous year, 1874 by Rev. John McDougall. There were two brothers working together as Missionaries and it was the Rev. George McDougall who had invited Mr. Sibbald to come West and teach the Indians, as their instruction in educational matters was a project dear to his heart.

An unfortunate tragedy that very year occurred after Mr. Sibbald's arrival at Morley. The Rev. George McDougall was travelling from

Edmonton to Morley when he was overtaken by a storm. There was no shelter available and in the blinding storm he lost his way. There is a large rock a few miles north of Calgary and it was here that he sought shelter but the thermometer had sunk to forty below zero and the brave missionary perished.

Mrs. N. Drummond-Davies

A few feet from the new Trans-Canada highway stands a lonely stone fireplace, all that is left of the one time home of that famous animal painter Mrs. N. Drummond Davies, which stood on the lower slopes of Stoney Squaw mountain.

Mrs. Drummond-Davies lived in a small cabin built of logs. It was just after the First World War that she came to Banff and settled down among dense timbers, having only a small space cleared big enough for her cabin and an enclosure and stable for her horses. She had several dogs which she kept in her cabin as protection against the wild animals for at that time there were few cars around and the trip up the mountain was either by walking or by horseback.

Mrs. Drummond-Davies herself rode horseback and would come into town occasionally for supplies but mostly she kept to herself, painting pictures of moose, elk, grizzly bear, Rocky Mountain sheep and Rocky Mountain goats and all breeds and varieties of dogs. Her favorites seemed to be Scotch terriers and many of these were pictured on the postcards of Raphael Tuck of London England with whom she had a contract.

In the winter the artist had a couple of little Airdales which she had trained to draw her sleigh down town. The outfit was a soap box nailed to a child's sleigh and it was one of the winter sights of the town to see Mrs. Drummond-Davies and her dog-team come into town for supplies.

On one occasion during a Winter Carnival she entered her dogs in a race against a Husky team. As they came down the home stretch the artist's team was ahead and were about to sweep over the winning line when the crowd began to cheer, clap and make a great noise. Perhaps her dogs were like herself, preferring peace and quiet. At any rate on hearing the noise they turned around and headed across the lake while the huskies not at all disturbed by the turmoil, swept in to win the race!

Visitors often exclaim over the beauty of the chime from St. George's Anglican church. These sweet bells may be heard from far up the green water of the Bow or high up on Sulphur Mountain. They ring out each Sunday and on week days for church weddings and other events. They tolled a knell for the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States. They clamored with thankful praise on Victory Days.

To hear them at their best one should be in town for a church festival. The whole joy of opening Spring is heard in the glad Easter music. Or on December 25th. A snow-covered ground, below zero temperature and a warm bed early on a Christmas morning—surely carols never sound sweeter.

The chime consists of eleven bells whose notes comprise the air of the national song "O Canada." They were a gift to the church in 1925 by the Hon. Robert G. Brett, M.D., Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, in memory of his sons Earl Brett and Dr. Harry Brett, and two years later were dedicated by the Right Reverend Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., D.C.L., late Bishop of Calgary.

The first of their kind to be installed in Alberta, they were made by John Taylor & Co., of Loughborough, England. The bells weigh over two tons, the largest being a tenor bell of 1,008 pounds with a diameter of three feet. They are chimed from a clavier with horizontal handles placed in the ringing room, immediately below the bell chamber of the tower. The ringer does not need any music as the handles

One visitor inspired by the bells and the beautiful mountain scenery designed and presented to St. George's a colored glass window which is set over the west door of the bell tower. This was Miss Jessie Van Brunt of Brooklyn, New York. Her idea followed out in glass was that the bells were angels of God sending out an invitation to worship.

The window is in memory of the late Canon Henry Montgomery, M.A., rector of St. George's from 1921 to 1924, who served as Chaplain in the C.E.F. from 1916 to 1918 at No. 14 Canadian Hospital, Eastbourne, England. It was dedicated by the Right Reverend L. Ralph Sherman, M.A., L.Litt., D.D., Bishop of Calgary in 1938. Canon H. Tully Montgomery succeeded his father and was Rector there for thirty years.

The beautiful spire covering the bell tower is surmounted by a cross and is much admired. Almost any day in Summer one can see young artists from the Banff School of Fine Arts drawing and painting this beautiful church and spire.

The spire was a gift from James I. Brewster in memory of those early settlers of Banff, his Father and Mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Brewster.

The Candlesticks

His Majesty the King, George the Sixth, and Her Majesty the Queen worshipped at St. George's pretty little church of Rundle stone, when they visited here in 1939. Solid silver candlesticks, the gifts of their Majesties, are used on the altar and may be seen at the church.

The candlesticks measure twelve inches in height and weigh two pounds, two ounces. They have a hexagonal top and shaft. About a third of the distance down the shaft is placed an ornamental projection and between that and the foot is a silver band depicting the Canadian Maple Leaf and the English rose entwined. Inscribed on His Majesty's gift are the words: "Presented to St. George's Church, Banff, by King George VI, Sunday, 28th of May, 1939." A similar inscription marks the gift of Her Majesty the Queen.

The candlesticks were made by A. J. Wilkie, a well-known silver artist in England, for the Warham Guild, from which body they were ordered by His Majesty the King.

St. George's-in-the-Pines is the only Church of England in the Western Hemisphere in which a reigning monarch has attended Divine Service. Brigadier-General H. F. McDonald was called to the telephone one morning. It was Buckingham Palace asking him to arrange the tour in Canada for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and this he did. The entire trip's program was in his hands.

During their Majesty's tour they decided they would like to go to church and the Rector in Banff at that time Rev. Canon H. Tully Montgomery received a telephone call the day before stating that the King wished to attend a private service of morning prayer with his retinue. There was no choir - - no prelates - - nothing out of the ordinary except that only the King and Queen and their retinue attended, the Rector of Banff and two Church Wardens, Dr. R. A. Worthington and Mr. Norman Sanson. No collection was taken but later the King sent a cheque to swell the church funds.

Where Queen Elizabeth Rested

Want to climb the mountain His Majesty King George VIth and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth climbed? Then Tunnel is your mountain.

The head of Caribou Street is the starting point and an ordinary walker can easily climb it in an hour. The trail is in splendid condition. It is fairly wide and goes up the mile and three-fifths in long winding switchbacks.

When Their Majesties visited Banff in 1939 they and their retinue climbed this mountain. On the summit there is a plaque above the rock on which Her Majesty rested. Decorated with Scottish thistles on either side and with the royal crown in the centre these words appear:

"On this spot Queen Elizabeth rested, May 29, 1939."

Tunnel Mountain is so small, only 5,550 feet above sea level, that the trail winds around one end of the mountain and one has the advantage of seeing the long distance view of the Bow Valley, with not only the townsite and view to the West but also the golf course, hoodoos and East view, from the Fairholme range of mountains, right to Rundle, Goat Mountain, Sulphur, Bourgeau, Massive and Sawback ranges and the more familiar peaks Mount Edith, Mount Norquay, Stoney Squaw and Cascade.

The Emancipation of the Motor Car in the Park

9

Immediately on his accession to the superintendency of the Park, Superintendent Stewart had started building roads. In 1904 there were seventy-five miles of carriage and pony trails but these were not for automobiles. In fact, an order-in-council was passed at Ottawa prohibiting the use of cars of every kind in the Park. There was a fifty-dollar fine or three months' imprisonment for its infraction.

The first car to be driven over the Calgary coach road to Banff was in 1909, when Norman Lougheed, son of Sir James Lougheed, drove up to the Park gates. The order-in-council was still in force so that there was no driving within the Park and the following year a man was hauled into court for motoring through Banff to the Banff Springs Hotel. That same year Calgarians asked for the privilege of driving to Banff by car, promising not to take their machines through the town and offering to build a road from Calgary to Banff.

This offer being accepted the following year, cars were allowed to come to the town, but on arrival they were met by a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the driver escorted to the barracks where he left his vehicle until ready to return home. However, later in the year, the Calgary Auto Club got a little out of hand and invaded Banff, driving all over the town one day, to the horror and consternation of Park officials.

In 1912, Ottawa had something to say about the scandalous way in which automobiles were driven through the town and restrictions were made, checking the practise. Two years later, how-

ever, motorists won the privilege of using cars on the main street and up as far as the Banff Springs Hotel, but not after sunset. Motor car lights were declared illegal!

However, in 1915, an order-in-council stated that "bus motors may operate on Lynx, Caribou and Banff Avenue to the hotels, any time of the day or night, with the exception of the Upper Hot Springs road." Joy riding after eleven p.m. was strictly prohibited but all roads were open from six a.m. until eleven p.m. with the exception of the Cave and Basin road to Sundance Canyon, the Upper Hot Springs road, Tunnel Mountain and Lake Minnewanka. The speed limits were eight miles per hour in town, four at crossings and fifteen miles outside the town limits. Horses had the right of way. These regulations did not suit the motorists and Calgary protested vigorously.

About this time Banff residents started to purchase cars, and they asked the Department to open the Lake Minnewanka and Tunnel Mountain roads for automobile traffic before May first.

Then trouble for town residents started. Both the Provincial and the Federal Government endeavoured to collect licenses. However, the citizens felt that living under the latter government in the Park, if they purchased a Dominion license that should be sufficient. In a test case the Province prosecuted a motorist for using his car in the Park without an Alberta license. The case was lost.

Car advertisements were now beginning to appear in the local paper, the Crag and Canyon, and the Park Superintendent got an official automobile. A garage was opened in town, and the people began to take quite an interest in the roads. In 1917, Banff citizens asked the Department to oil, instead of water the roads, to lay the dust.

More and more motorists were now coming to the park, and in 1918 there were so many that the local garages ran out of gas. Numbers of tourists were stranded in town until the Parks Department stepped in and loaned gas to the garages so that they could carry on.

The following year saw the installation of a 35,000-gallon gas tank at the depot and local garages were enlarged. A record motor trip to Calgary was made in three and a half hours. This year at last an agreement as to licenses was reached between the Provincial and Federal governments and the former promised to spend thirty thous-

and dollars on the highway between Banff and Calgary. The speed limit was raised to twenty-five miles an hour outside the townsite and fifteen in town, with eight at interesections.

In 1920 the first long-distance motoriest arrived. He had driven all the way from New Jersey. The next year a motor road to Lake Louise was opened and one-way traffic to Moraine Lake.

A motor camping ground at the foot of Rundle Mountain was established in 1923 and this was well patronized. Three motor cycle police were placed on the highway the following year to arrest speeders. In 1928 the present camp ground was established, and it has since grown to large proportions. Its main avenue and streets are electrically lighted. There are numerous shelters with stoves, tables and benches for the camper's use, and places where trailers may plug in on electric currents.

From this date on, cars were welcomed to the Park, and everything possible done in the way of making good roads to scenic spots and other privileges were granted. The way is open to the United States by way of the Banff-Winderfere highway; the new Trans Canada Highway will soon be completed; and a trip through the very heart of the mountains from Lake Louise to Jasper Park and many other shorter trips to outstanding spots are available. Now, all the motorist has to do is choose his highway.



A section of the modern highway through Banff National Park

The Banff Golf Course

Banff Springs Golf Course is one of the finest courses in the world. Its length is six thousand seven hundred and four yards and its eighteen holes are a challenge to any player. Experts say that the ninth hole called "The Trough" and the sixteenth "Big Bow" are particularly outstanding.

The holes are well balanced, shorter ones being interspersed in each nine. It will take every club in your bag, however, and every shot you know, to follow this excellent course.

The scenery, as an added bonus is magnificent and the vista of velvet greens and snow-tipped peaks is quite unique. Nowhere else in the world can you match these views.

There are three sets of tees to accommodate all types of golfers and fairways and bunkers were planned to give three optional routes. There is a leisurely way of going around the course which the indifferent golfer may prefer. This still gives the player a chance to make par on his game. Then there is the middle course and finally the bold route for the adventurous soul. A challenge to all.

The twelfth hole is an exceptional hole of one hundred and thirty-eight yards called "The Papoose." Waters of the Bow River surround the green with glimpses of the green waters all the more enchanting because the view is hampered by tall trees, a tantalizing sight on a hot day.

Another interesting hole is number eight "The Devil's Cauldron." This is a hundred and seventy-five yard shot over a miniature lake.

Some of the longer shots are four hundred yards and more and there are optional long carries for the energetic golfer. One of these holes is called "Gibraltar" and is five hundred and thirteen yards. It is under the sheer cliffs of Mount Rundle and is reminiscent of the famous rock for which it is named.

The greens will be found to have uniform putting surfaces from grass especially tested for the purpose. Putting areas have been made to fit the shot, iron shots having shorter areas than the long par fours.

The golf course starts on the green below the Clubhouse, which is situated just above the junction of the Spray and Bow rivers. There is a private path from the Banff Springs hotel to the Clubhouse which their guests traverse by foot, if desired, but the more common way is by car to the Spray bridge, passing the Bow Falls en route. From the bridge there is a pathway to the Clubhouse.

The first hole has a drive over the Spray river of fifty yards. Tall timbers lurk on the river bank to ensnare the unwary and they and the river form the first hazard of the course.

The last green is heavily bunkered and flanked by the Bow River and is just below the Bow Falls, affording a wonderful view of these. At the finish of the eighteenth hole there is always the pleasant nineteenth hole to look forward to at the Clubhouse.

It was in 1911 that the idea of the present Golf Course became a realization and a nine hole course was built by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. During the First Great War, the Government took over the work of making the Golf Course and German Prisoners of War constructed an eighteen hole course.

It was 1927 before the Canadian Pacific Railway Company again took over and the present beautiful golf course was the work of the late Mr. G. Thompson. The Manager, who has held this position for a number of years is Mr. Caspar McCullough.

C Level Lake

If the visitor wants to take a climb which the usual tourist misses he will do well to climb to C Level Lake. This is situated about three-quarters of the way up Cascade Mountain, and is approached from the Bankhead road. The name refers to the third level of the mine which once flourished there, and the climb starts from a huge pile of

slack just beneath the mountain.

Cascade, 9836 feet in altitude, has many deeply riven valleys in its scarred sides and it is up one of these draws that the climb is made. After a still introductory scramble upwards a swift little stream must be crossed but it is very narrow and an old log will serve as a bridge. Hill after little hill follows, but at the foot of the third, even in July, one is liable to find a snowbank, and miracle of miracles—snow lilies!

These are fragile and beautiful, a golden yellow in appearance with slim tapered petals curling back to disclose yellow and white stamens. A snow lily is a smaller and daintier edition of the ordinary tiger lily and has a delicate fragrance all its own.

The last fifty feet are almost perpendicular but the lovely little mountain tarn makes the effort well worthwhile. It is of that soft emerald shade, peculiar only to mountain lakes, small but breath-taking perfect.

The view stretches for miles. Far to the right the Bow Valley is visible with its peculiar banks, for all the world as if some giant had hacked off a long narrow slice and left it perpendicular and rough. The river itself winds its way like a silver ribbon down the glen. Away off in the distance one can see the Three Sisters Mountains at Canmore.

An isosceles triangle of jungle-like green timber separates the Bow from the Cascade Valley, and to the left Lake Minnewanka stretches its long length through mountains closely hugging its shore. Tiny toy-like boats make it seem more like a vision than a reality.

Wee mountain warblers flit around, seemingly quite fearless of strangers, and whistling marmots come out from their rocky nests. No inferiority complexes worry them and they are quite likely to discuss the visitor right to his face. Their shrill piping whistles sound curiously human in the mountain solitudes.

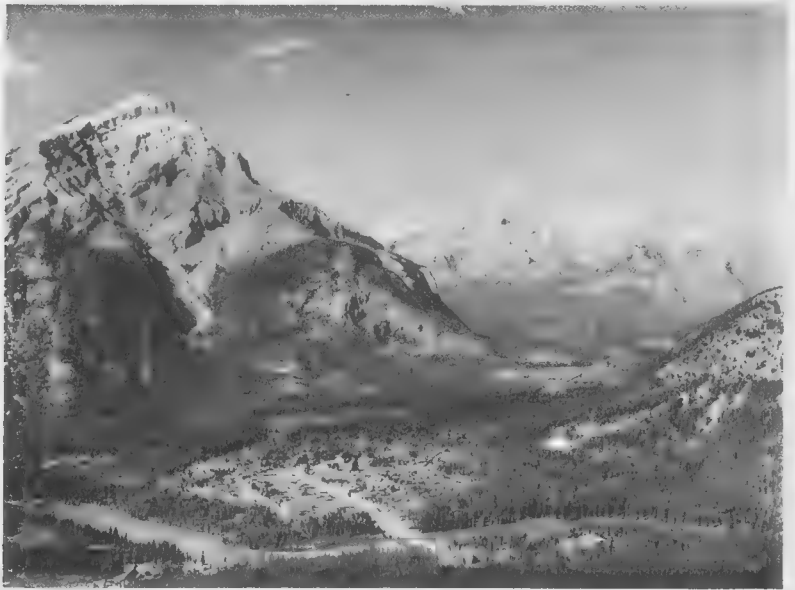
Standing now in a horseshoe-like pocket, the naked bones of Cascade Mountain, free of tree growth, straighten into the blue. Their bare sides, unclothed, stretch in long, straight precipices up from the little grassy opening, except where some spring slide has piled rocks and boulders in an untidy heap.

Up here in the heights the snow never quite disappears. Even in the middle of summer, one can see great white banks in the more sheltered spots of the mountain, and there's usually a snowbank to cool one off after the hot climb.



Sawback Range
near Banff

C.P.R. Photos



Banff, showing Cascade Mt.
and Fairholme Range

C.P.R. Photo



C.P.R. Photo

Panoramic view of Banff, with Sulphur Mountain.

A winter wonderland, near Sunshine
Ski-lodge, Banff

Banff is truly named "Playground of
the Rockies" summer or winter Banff
beckons to those who enjoy the
mountains.

Winter Skiing near Citadel
Pass, Sunshine Valley.

C.P.R. Photo



A formation of rocks on the south side of the mountain horseshoe, surrounding the grassy plateau, is worthy of some mention. A big and little turtle are carved by the Master Sculptor, and the illusion is perfect. There is the big mother turtle stretching her neck out and appearing to climb to the steepest part of Cascade and toiling along in the rear the baby turtle striving hard to follow.

It is a curious fact that if one looks at any object long enough it eventually seems to move, and so all one has to do is stare a while at the scene and the toiling pair seem to move slowly upwards.

On the return trip one may gather lovely wild fern from a bank by the streamlet, and these added to the snow lilies, make a bouquet as beautiful as any florist could supply, a fitting memory of a lovely unspoiled masterpiece, C Level Lake.

Sulphur Mountain Hike

No visitor should leave Banff without first climbing Sulphur Mountain. There is a good trail, well marked from the Upper Hot Springs. It is made up of easy switchbacks and the trip may easily be made in a couple of hours.

The observatory on the highest peak of this mountain was built in 1902, and is used for weather statistics, studying the wind at high altitudes, lightning, St. Elmo's Fire and other phenomena. Mr. N. B. Sanson, the man who kept notes of this various data, made his one thousandth trip up Sulphur Mountain on July 1st, 1931. Later, the Government cutting down expenses, closed the Observatory.

The view from the top of Sulphur Mountain is magnificent. One sees the little town spread out like a toy in a model sand table, far below. Tunnel Mountain itself, looks like an ant hill. The perambulating Bow River winds in and out of the valley like a silver bow—a lovely scene.

Looking out on the opposite side of the mountain, away from the town, there is a dense valley filled with evergreens, crowding and elbowing each other for room. With this dense forest growth before one, it is easy to imagine the Rockies as they were when the first explorers came.

Then a sunset or sunrise from the top of the mountain is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. In the high rarefied air one seems closer to the vast ball of fire which seems to move from out of another world and whose only heralds, as the curtain rises, are streamers of colored fire which advance and take captive the fastnesses of gloomy peaks.

Even the inhabitants of the wild are different here. It is one of the few spots in the mountains where the wild, unapproachable mountain sheep are friendly to man. If one is fortunate enough to be there when the herd arrives he may feed them or even have a picture taken with them.

There is a little chalet on the high plateau before one reaches the observatory where one can obtain a meal during the summer months and as Mark Twain once remarked, "There's nothing like scenery to make one hungry."

Plans are now going forward to run a lift from the Hot Springs to the top of the mountain. When this is completed and the gondola lift is in operation, climbing Sulphur will be a good deal easier and more people will be able to take advantage of the view, one which it would be a pity to miss.

A Trail Trip

Everyone can ride the sure-footed mountain ponies and no matter whether the rider weighs ninety or three hundred pounds, he will be safely carried to his destination and back. These cayuses are brought up in the rocks. They are sure-footed as deer and can climb like mountain goats, as many a pony guide finds to his sorrow when he wants to catch one that doesn't want to be caught.

But once in the saddle, the horses submit to the inevitable and no one need be afraid to trust himself in the mountain passes with such sagacious and mountain-wise animals.

The best scenery, as one might imagine, is not always along the highway or the railroad track. Some of the most beautiful must be seen by pack train or saddle horse, and one of the loveliest trails is on the way to Mount Assiniboine. There are four different passes by which you may travel to this towering peak. The lovely little streams

and lakes that abound on the way make for good fishing. The scenery is incomparable, ranging from Alpine meadows dotted with the most beautiful of mountain flowers, over boulder-filled passes frowning and spectacular and at last to that most outstanding peak of all, Mount Assiniboine, 11,870 feet above sea level.

Looking down from Wonder Pass nearby there are three terraced lakes, one below the other. Lake Gloria is the first to be seen, then beneath it Lake Terrapin, and farther down in the valley, the biggest of all, Marvel Lake, each one seemingly more beautiful than the last and every one of them a different shade of green ranging from soft jade to dashing emerald.

The outfitter provides everything—a teepee in which one can sleep (and where, if the mountain passes prove too cool for your liking, you can have a warm fire); the best of food (and one needs plenty of it in the exhilarating air); your saddle horse, guide, camp cook and pack horses which carry personal needs, as well as the vast equipment needed for a mountain trip; all this very reasonably, for no longer is the trail trip only for millionaires . . . Anyone can afford a mountain holiday trip, and it's the only way to see the wilds as they are, untrammelled by man's improvements.

Lake O'Hara

One of the most beautiful trips in the mountains where lovely scenery is the rule rather than the exception, is to Lake O'Hara. By road it is about sixty miles from Banff and the traveller goes to Hector, the starting point, by car or train. From here the eight miles to the lake may be made by riding horseback or hiking.

From Lake Wapta, the pretty little lake at Hector station, the land to the southwards rises rapidly. It is up this hill that the trail to O'Hara goes. The first hill is the steepest climb of the entire trip but it is not a hard walk and the overwhelming beauty at the top more than compensates.

Great bushes of rhododendrons line the mountainside and burst into the loveliest flower display imaginable. Many other fragrant flowers, including that rare blossom, the rein orchis, fill the air with their ethereal perfumes.

As the traveller continues along the trail two long, narrow lakes in the valley catch his eye. There are the Narao Lakes. Past them little Cataract Creek which flows from Lake O'Hara to Wapta, crosses and recrosses the path. It is a little rocky brooklet with ice-cold water like most mountain streams and with water so clear that the pebbles on its bed can be clearly seen.

The mountains of this district are mostly of a spire-like formation, some of them being entirely formed of long, narrow spires, sharpened to a point in some instances and in others blunted across the top. One mountain which has a projection like a huge thumb bears the name Devil's Thumb.

The trail offers a variety of scenery. In places it goes over bare, rocky surfaces with rocks ranging in size from tiny pebbles to huge solid blocks. Then over pine needles where tall evergreen trees stretch high into the blue and out again into the open in grassy meadows. As the lake is approached the trail winds upwards and now mossy banks and lichens appear, until at last the lake itself bursts into view.

Lake O'Hara is completely surrounded by high summits, none of which is under eight thousand feet above sea level and many of which are around the ten thousand foot mark. Of these Mount Odoray is 10,175 feet; Mount Hungabee, 11,457, and Mount Lefroy, 11,230 feet. Most of the mountains are snowcapped the year round.

The lake itself is a deep green oval, set far from the blare of auto claxon. At its lower or southern end seven beautiful falls make their way down the mountain glaciers. These are the Seven Sisters Falls.

A further trip above Lake O'Hara would take the visitor to Lake McArthur which is one of the largest lakes at such a high latitude, it being 7,359 feet above sea level. There is a glacier there and big blocks of broken-off ice may be seen on the lake at any time.

The Lake O'Hara valley is not far from Lake Louise, the famous valley just over the mountains to the East. There are three routes to reach Lake Louise from O'Hara. One is over the Opabin and Wenchemma passes into the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Another is over Abbot Pass into Paradise Valley, and the third is found by retracing part of the trail to Lake O'Hara and travelling by way of Ross Lake to Lake Louise. Competent guides and alpinists would be necessary if one wished to go over either of the first two passes.

Banff Indian Days

This celebration which is the premier event of the Summer to most visitors takes place in Banff on the Thursday following the Calgary Stampede Week. It is looked forward to by both Red and White men. The Indians like it because on this occasion every year they return to their original camping ground at the foot of Big Chief Mountain (their name for Cascade). Here their teepees are spread as in days of old in a huge circle, around the Grandstand and Stampede grounds.

Many of the teepees are beautifully painted in bright colors in the semblance of birds or animals peculiar to that particular family. There are three clans in the Stoney Indian tribe, the Bearspaw band, the Chiniquys and the Wesleys. Each has a chief and there is also a Chief of all three bands. For many years this latter position was held by Chief David Bearspaw whose grandfather, as he would proudly relate signed the treaty between Queen Victoria and the Indians, and smoked the pipe of peace at that momentous gathering.

The first day, that is the Thursday of the week in which this event is held, a monster parade is held which includes every man, woman and child in the tribe, dressed in their finest buckskin, artistically decorated with colored beadwork designs which represent many back breaking hours of labor on the part of the squaws during the winter season.

The parade starts from the Indian grounds, goes up Banff Avenue past as many of the hotels as possible and halts for a short period on the Bow Bridge after which it goes past the hospital to the Banff Springs hotel where the Indians stop in the courtyard for some time during which fruit are distributed by the bellmen. A smaller parade takes place on Friday morning.

In the evening the bleachers at the Banff Springs hotel grounds which are closed in by trees, are the scene of a concert consisting of such dances as the Chicken dance war dance, and others together with vocal numbers. The concluding number is the owl dance in which visitors are invited to join. For four evenings these concerts are staged and they are well worth attending.

One of the features of the concert is the wordless singing of members of the Stoney tribe. These old songs which are as ancient as the tribe itself represents the wind in the trees, Winter, the coming of

As the traveller continues along the trail two long, narrow lakes in the valley catch his eye. There are the Narao Lakes. Past them little Cataract Creek which flows from Lake O'Hara to Wapta, crosses and recrosses the path. It is a little rocky brooklet with ice-cold water like most mountain streams and with water so clear that the pebbles on its bed can be clearly seen.

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The Lake O'Hara valley is not far from Lake Louise, the famous valley just over the mountains to the East. There are three routes to reach Lake Louise from O'Hara. One is over the Opabin and Wenchemma passes into the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Another is over Abbot Pass into Paradise Valley, and the third is found by retracing part of the trail to Lake O'Hara and travelling by way of Ross Lake to Lake Louise. Competent guides and alpinists would be necessary if one wished to go over either of the first two passes.

Banff Indian Days

This celebration which is the premier event of the Summer to most visitors takes place in Banff on the Thursday following the Calgary Stampede Week. It is looked forward to by both Red and White men. The Indians like it because on this occasion every year they return to their original camping ground at the foot of Big Chief Mountain (their name for Cascade). Here their teepees are spread as in days of old in a huge circle, around the Grandstand and Stampede grounds.

Many of the teepees are beautifully painted in bright colors in the semblance of birds or animals peculiar to that particular family. There are three clans in the Stoney Indian tribe, the Bearspaw band, the Chiniquys and the Wesleys. Each has a chief and there is also a Chief of all three bands. For many years this latter position was held by Chief David Bearspaw whose grandfather, as he would proudly relate signed the treaty between Queen Victoria and the Indians, and smoked the pipe of peace at that momentous gathering.

The first day, that is the Thursday of the week in which this event is held, a monster parade is held which includes every man, woman and child in the tribe, dressed in their finest buckskin, artistically decorated with colored beadwork designs which represent many back breaking hours of labor on the part of the squaws during the winter season.

The parade starts from the Indian grounds, goes up Banff Avenue past as many of the hotels as possible and halts for a short period on the Bow Bridge after which it goes past the hospital to the Banff Springs hotel where the Indians stop in the courtyard for some time during which fruit are distributed by the bellmen. A smaller parade takes place on Friday morning.

In the evening the bleachers at the Banff Springs hotel grounds which are closed in by trees, are the scene of a concert consisting of such dances as the Chicken dance war dance, and others together with vocal numbers. The concluding number is the owl dance in which visitors are invited to join. For four evenings these concerts are staged and they are well worth attending.

One of the features of the concert is the wordless singing of members of the Stoney tribe. These old songs which are as ancient as the tribe itself represents the wind in the trees, Winter, the coming of

Spring, the melody of little brooks and many other subjects from the music book of nature.

Every afternoon a program of horse racing, novelty races, Indian stake races and other events are put on at the Indian campgrounds. Friday and Saturday are reserved for bucking, wild horse races, etc. Sunday is the Indians' 'day at home' and there are bow and arrow contests, teepee raising contests etc. and visitors are invited to go into the various teepees.

Altogether Indian Days are one of the most interesting attractions Banff has to offer and this event held around the eighteenth of July is one that brings visitors from all over the world to Beautiful Banff.



Motor Trips

Situated as the town is, in the scenic centre of the mountains sight-seeing companies have glass-topped buses and cars as well as convertible tops so that nothing may be missed. The large buses all are equipped with Public Address systems and the drivers comment on scenic points when in view. All taxi drivers are Government licensed and are careful and courteous.

One of the trips around town is the General Drive which includes the BuffaloPaddocks where these huge beasts may be seen and a drive around the town, to the Cave and Basin and the Cascades of time.

The trip up Mount Norquay is an interesting one to the winter skiing ground. A chairlift offers a trip up the mountain twenty-five hundred vertical feet and the view of the valley and surrounding country is very beautiful.

Another town trip is to Lake Minnewanka which is a combination of the drive to the lake, an hour's trip by launch down the lake, and the return trip by the viaduct canal, making a circular drive which is very attractive.

Another motor trip is to Sundance canyon which is a few miles past the Cave and Basin. Here is a lovely picnic spot and a canyon to climb with a view of a very pretty falls. It has an historical significance too, for it was on the plain above the falls that in former times the Indians used to hold their Sun Dances.

This is a test of endurance which a young man must go through before he becomes an Indian brave. These sun dances are still held on the Reserve but they are not open to the public. It is a private ceremony which lasts for several days to test the young brave.

Lake Louise

Lake Louise is about forty miles from Banff and buses go there several times a day during the busy Season so that a trip there is easily arranged. The elevation of this point is 5,680 feet above sea level, making it a little more than a thousand feet above Banff.

The lake is famous as a beauty spot and it is set amidst towering peaks from which hang everlasting glaciers, such as Mount Victoria, and Lefroy. In the Summer as one walks over the Plain of the six

glaciers, avalanches occur every few minutes and their intermittent falling is a noise that is peculiar to this region.

The motor trip to Lake Louise is frequently halted at Johnson Canyon to allow visitors to walk up the canyon and view the beautiful falls in this narrow gorge. Indeed it is a nice day trip to climb above the cave and big falls to the stream above which all kinds of pretty waterfalls and lovely scenes are discernible.

Yoho Valley

The famous Takkakaw falls are in this valley which is reached from Lake Louise. On this trip also the famous Canadian Pacific Railway spiral tunnels are seen and the border leading into British Columbia is crossed. The Kicking Horse canyon is followed on this trip for some distance.

A wonderful hike can be taken along the sky line trail from behind Yoho Lodge but one needs a day for this trip up to Summit Lake, a pretty mountain tarn set in a circle of green trees. The trail leads on up a hill and on to the high level of rocks. It is a wonderful experience to walk along this trail and as one goes down the valley, one finds oneself almost on a level with the birthplace of the majestic Takkakaw Falls which drops almost perpendicularly from the Daly Glacier.

This is one of the most beautiful hikes imaginable or it may be taken on horseback. The road over the rocks is so high that snow lies in many spots all year and where the sun has melted it, numerous falls run down the mountains in sparkling rivulets that are quite enchanting, and to make it perfect out of the snow, beautiful yellow lilies spring. From their great liking for coolness, these lovely snow lilies take their name.

Emerald Lake

This is generally included in the Yoho Valley trip. The road passes Wapta Lake, another beautiful mountain lake which lies out in the open, sparkling in the sun in contrast to Emerald Lake which is a deep green and is rimmed with trees at the foot of Mount Burgess. Emerald is so breath-taking in its beauty that it is the chief rival of Lake Louise and is at the core of many local arguments.



Alberta Government Photo

The Three Sisters, Canmore

Bow Valley. Banff



Alberta Government Photo



Panoramic view from
Banff Springs Hotel

The Cascades of Time

The Government Office in Banff which is directly south of the Bow Bridge has beautiful grounds and in these grounds are what is known as the Cascades of Time. These consist of small stone edged pools, at different levels from which little falls cascade. Around all of these pools are beautiful flowers and shrubs. Rustic benches and seats and little shelters are placed in many lovely spots so people can enjoy the man-made loveliness. Colored lights enhance the falls and general view at night. The whole scene leads up to a little cave at the highest point. In these grounds are also a little out-door theatre where movies are shown free of charge a couple of nights a week.

Museums

There are two Museums in town, the first, a Government owned Museum is situated just before the Bow River bridge. Entrance to the other is by the Cave and Basin Road, just a block past the Sign of the Goat Curio store, and is owned by N. K. Luxton.

The Government Museum has a very good collection of specimens of different animals, birds and reptiles found in the Park. Also there are samples of the various trees which grow around this district and books of pressed flowers so that if one wishes to find the name of any native flora or fauna this is the place to go.

This Museum has also quite a collection of mineral rocks and specimens as well as a stock of old time curiosities.

Mr. Luxton's Museum, on the other hand, specializes in ancient Indian lore and has many interesting items in this collection that would not be seen elsewhere, among which are also a group of paintings by well known artists and other interesting exhibits.

The Columbia Icefield

Situated eighty-five miles north of Lake Louise on the scenic Jasper highway is the Columbia Icefield, probably the most outstanding sight on the North American Continent. Here is a vast glacial icefield over one hundred square miles in extent sitting astride the high peaks of

the continent so that as it gradually melts, the waters flow to three great oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Arctic.

Great heights are attained by the mountains along the Jasper highway and many of them are ten thousand feet above sea level. Some of them are even higher. The highway itself has very beautiful and varying scenery, offering photogenic scenes from high glacier-hung peaks to mountain lakes whose glorious coloring is almost unbelievable.

Gazing at the seemingly immovable ice, it is hard to realize that glaciers are actually in continual motion. They can carry heavy objects and when rocks or other debris fall off the mountains to its surface, they are carried along with the glacier's movement. Sometimes immense boulders as big as a cottage are shifted along with the ice. Other times these rocks protect the ice beneath them; consequently it does not melt with the rest of the glacier and these strange rock tables are left standing on their icy pedestals high above the rest of the ice while the frozen streams flow onwards without them.

A picturesque example of how a glacier recedes is to be seen at the Crowfoot Glacier at Bow Lakes. A few years ago this glacier formed a perfect bird's foot with the three long toes pointing down and one pointing to the rear. In late years the long toe to the left has melted until now only the stump of the toe is left. By comparing this with the other two toes, it gives a very good idea of the glacier's recession here.

The Columbia Icefield which is situated partly in Banff National Park and partly in Jasper National Park, also sits astride the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. The huge icefield, so large in extent, is made up of many glaciers joined together. One of these is the Athabasca glacier whose tongue reaches to within a stone's throw of the road. This is next to the largest glacier in this Ice Field. It is about four miles long and three quarters of a mile wide.

Snowmobiles run up and down this glacier and its a worthwhile experience to go for a trip three miles up the glacier. These vehicles have wheels on the front and skis on the back and run up and down the ice without difficulty. On this trip it is possible to see deep crevasses in the ice which reach down so far into the glacier that it gives a very good idea of the immense depth. Sometimes a small falls of running water will be seen dashing itself down the sides of the crevasse.

It is quite possible to ski on the ice of the glacier and enthusiastic skiiers are thrilled to be able to use their skis on the hottest day of summer on these fields of perpetual ice.

The Athabasca glacier, of course, being nearest the highway is the one best known and easiest to explore. This is the source of the Sunwapta river which is from the Stoney Indian meaning "turbulent river." The glacier breaks off in hanging ice, falls to the valley on the north east side whereas the slopes to south and east slope gently downwards.

Mount Athabasca reaches a height of 11,452 feet. It was named by David Thompson who entered the pass in 1810, travelling up the Athabasca river to its foot. This name is from the Cree Indian and refers to the muddy delta of the river in Lake Athabasca. The term means "where there are reeds" and the name we call it by is a corruption of the original Indian name "Shakawseepee."

The largest glacier in this icefield is the Saskatchewan glacier. This is a mile wide and it is over six miles down to the valley from its beginning. Mount Saskatchewan from which it flows is 10,964 feet. It was named by Norman Collie.

The Snow Dome mountain is 11,340 feet above sea level and its glacier is in the unique position of being in the centre of the icefield, sitting astride the watershed. This is the geographical centre of the water system of a quarter of the North American Continent.

The Icefield itself was discovered by Messrs. Collie and Strutfield in 1898. It is composed of four great icefields which are Lyell, Mons, Freshfield and Murchison. The surrounding mighty peaks are mount Columbia in the north centre 12,294 feet and the second highest peak in the range; Mount Bryce 11,507 in the South centre Mount Athabasca on the East edge; the King Edward on the Northwest 11,400 feet and the Saskatchewan on the Southeast 10,964. The area of the Columbia Icefield's 110 square miles makes it the largest icefield south of the Arctic circle.

The northeast side as previously mentioned is the birthplace of the Sunwapta river, and the south and east sides slope down easily to Mount Castleguard 10,096 feet. The best view of this mountain is from the summit of the Columbia Icefield and most great peaks are visible from this spot. From here also the Selkirks and Gold Range can be seen beyond the canyon of the Columbia River.

South of the icefield to Howse Peak, 10,500 feet high, are more icefields which are most beautiful at Mount Spring Rice, 10,745 feet and Mount Alexandra, 11,214 feet. The latter has a glacier falling over sheer rock to the valley of the Alexandra river.

The Lyell Icefield is south of Mount Alexandra and Mount Lyell, 11,495 has five peaks which overflow to the south to form very fine ice-falls. On the Alberta side these falls are the source of the Glacier river, a tributary of the Howse river, and one in which even in summer pieces of ice may be found.

The Mons icefield is south of the Lyell and its east glacier join those on the northwest side of Mount Forbes, 11,902 feet whose summit is outstanding. This peak was named by Sir James Hector for Professor James David Forbes a Scottish scientist.

The Freshfield glacier runs from Bush Peak 7,869 feet and divides into arcs southwest to Howse Pass, to Pangman Peak, 10,420 and Mount Dent 10,720. Mount Freshfield itself is 10,945 feet. This icefield also reaches peaks such as Pilkington 10,830, Walker 10,835, Bul-yea 10,900 and Barnard 10,955. All of these glaciers run down to the Freshfield field of twenty square miles in area into two fields which after three quarters of a mile's descent meet under the cliffs of Mount Freshfield turn at right angles and run east for almost a mile in sharper descent. The arc is completed by Mountains Trutch, 10,690, Nanga Parbat 10,780, Helmber 10,045, Low 10,075 and Whiteaves 10,300. The last three mountains are named for three Canadian scientists members of the Geographical Survey, Ottawa.

Mount Lambe 10,348 with its long ridge divides the Freshfield from the Conway glacier. Mount Solitaire, 10,800 in the centre of this field, is from the highest peak here. The Freshfield glacier supplies water to the Howse river and also the Conway Creek flowing through the Howse Pass.

The Murchison icefield from Mount Murchison 10,659 is on the northeast side of this mountain. Its waters flow into Murchison Creek which in turn goes into the North Saskatchewan river.

On the north of this peak is Mount Wilson 10,631 feet which was named for Tom Wilson, the discoverer of Lake Louise and one of the early pioneers of Banff.

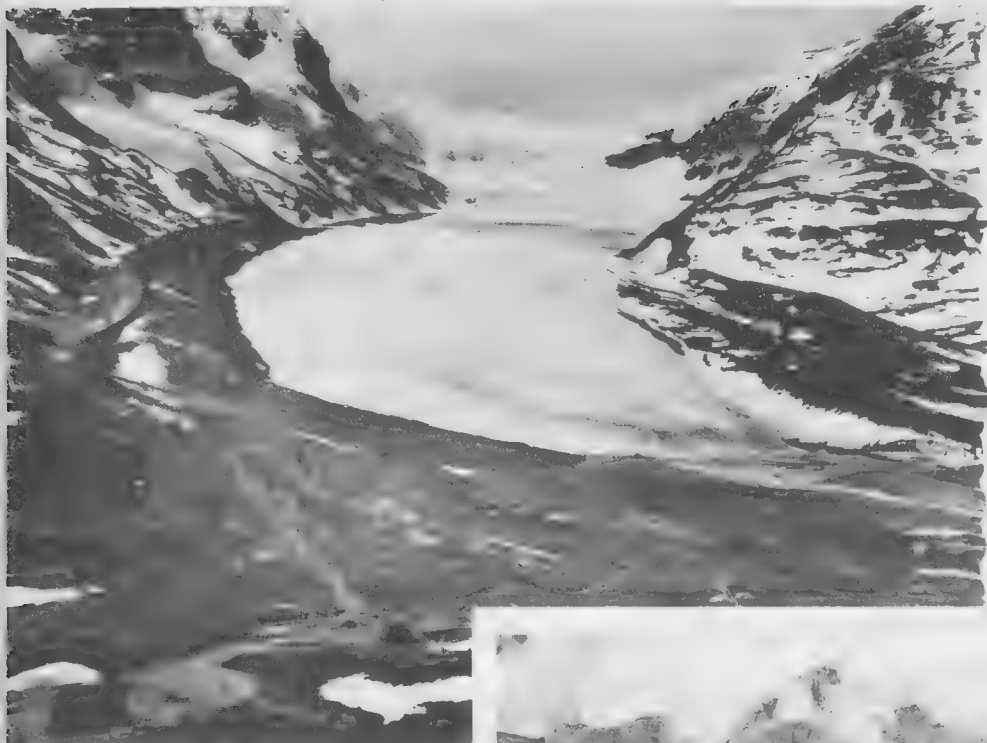


Alberta Government Photo

Beautiful Lake Louise and Mount Victoria

Photo - Cascade Cameras, Banff

Columbia Ice Fields



Banff School of Fine Arts On An
Outdoor Painting Assignment



Alberta Government Photo

The Columbia Icefield Chalet

This chalet which is owned and operated by the Brewster Transport Company Limited, of Banff, was built by Jack Brewster of Jasper in 1938. James I. Brewster originated the idea, as previously the trip through the mountains to Jasper was a long and tedious trip by horsepack and packtrain taking two weeks of travelling, and he thought this would be an excellent place for people to stop and see a live glacier.

In 1939 there was a motor road from Lake Louise as far as the Alexandra river camp and travellers to Jasper had lunch there, then proceeded by saddle horses to the Columbia Icefield and spent the night there at the chalet. The following morning they were able to proceed by motor to Jasper.

The altitude of the Chalet is 6,500 feet. It has been changed considerably since the early days and has a good dining room, accommodation for over-night guests and a coffee bar.

Banff School of Fine Arts

The University of Alberta established the Banff School of Fine Arts in 1933 and it now offers a wide selection of courses to the hundreds of students who come here every Summer to take courses in Theatre, Ballet, Painting, Music, Playwriting, Short Story, Radio and Television Writing, Weaving, Ceramics, Leathercraft, Oral French and Photography.

In the Winter such courses as Business Administration are held and the School is fast becoming an Adult Education centre. In recognition of this latter role the School received in 1951 the Henry Marshall Tory Award given for outstanding contributions to adult education by the Canadian Association of Adult Education.

The School of Fine Arts was the inspiration of Dr. E. A. Corbett, Director of the University of Alberta's Extension Department. It started as an experiment in Theatre with Mrs. Elizabeth Hanes of the University and Theodore Cohen on the teaching staff. The next year it was repeated and two years later the painting group conducted by

A. C. Leighton joined the school. In 1936 also a Master Piano class was added under the leadership of Viggo Kihl. From this small beginning it has expanded to its present size. In 1956 approximately six hundred students from Canada, the United States and other countries attended and took the courses which may be used for University Credits.

It was in 1947 that the School acquired its beautiful twenty-seven acre site on Tunnel Mountain and since that time building after building has been added to house the incoming students, provide dining facilities, assembly halls, library, administration offices and studios.

Senator Donald Cameron is Director of the School and much of its success is due to his enthusiasm and energy.

Wild Animals of the District

Banff National Park and indeed all the National Parks in Canada are a sanctuary for wild animals. This does not mean that the animals are tame by any standards. They are not. They are actually wild animals who have become used to man and consequently are not afraid of him. For this reason it is wiser for the visitor not to trust them too far. It is foolish, for example, to offer a bear food and then draw it back. The bear does not understand and believes that this person is taking away its food. Naturally it strikes savagely at the enemy.

However if a visitor takes natural precautions, there is no reason at all why he should not get good pictures of the bears, which are so plentiful in the Park and also other wild animals.

Black Bears

These bears, although called black bears many be either brown or black. The former are alluded to as cinnamon bears but they are all the same species. They are the bears which roam the highways sitting up in the roadway begging for a hand-out. On the Banff-Windermere road particularly you see them every few miles. It seems they have worked out certain road beats for each bear, for they only go so far down the road and then turn and walk back to their starting point again.

Bears usually have twin cubs although occasionally triplets are born. They come into the world in the early Spring while the mother is hibernating. The cubs are very tiny at birth, not much bigger than a large squirrel and are both blind and fur-less when born. Newborn cubs weigh about 12 ounces while the fully mature bear weighs as much as four or five hundred pounds.

They eat berries, roots and grass and when possible add to their diet ants, fish, frogs and any other small birds or animals they can catch.

Bears in the Park are spoiled with easy living for they get most of their food from the town's garbage. The refuse is hauled a couple of miles out of town and the odoriferous smell attracts bears as well as flies, and they may be seen there at any time of the day.

The Grizzly Bear

Here is a Park resident that is not often seen by people as it is much more wary of human beings than the more friendly black bear. The grizzly is larger and heavier and is easily distinguishable by the peculiar hump on its shoulders. Its color is black or brown. The silvertip grizzly is black with a white tip to its fur. Grizzlies are dangerous at all times and particularly if they have cubs. They do not as a rule appear near a town and the visitor is not likely to see one unless he should be on a distant trail when he might catch sight of a grizzly digging for small animals on a hillside.

Deer

These pretty animals with their soft eyes and big antlers may be found anywhere in or near town. They are inveterate garbage hounds, like most Park animals and are often to be seen sniffing out a morsel of bread from the refuse in local garbage pails. The deer in Banff Park are called mule deer on account of their large ears. Their tail is pure white and is slender with a black tip. Their antlers are forked and one wonders how such a slender neck can carry the weight of horn. The males, the only ones with antlers, lose these every Spring and grow new ones. While they are in the process of growing they are covered with a soft velvety like substance and are said to be in the velvet.

Baby deer are spotted which makes camouflaging easy among the grass and trees and they are taught to lie motionless for hours at a times so that predatory animals can be quite close and still not spot them.

Deer are fond of garden flowers and many a Banff gardener has suffered a loss of their best blooms through these evening raiders. They will also eat bread from one's hand and it is easy to get a good picture of these pretty animals.

White tailed deer are found on the British Columbia side of the border. They have smaller ears and longer bushier tails with white rumps. They do not have as many prongs as mule deer have but the young of both species are spotted. These deer too are friendly but are alarmed quite easily.

The Elk

These animals are much larger than the deer and are not very friendly. They have much larger antlers and while deer often travel in little groups the elk are more frequently seen alone, especially in Summer. It is in September that they begin to congregate together and all Winter they are to be found in herds.

In September they can be heard bugling from every hillside. This whistling noise is the male elk's wolf whistle and they can be heard for long distances. At this time of year the elk are dangerous and should be avoided.

Elk or wapiti males weigh from seven hundred to nine hundred pounds while the females, smaller in size weight four or five hundred. Their large antlers have from five to seven points and a spread of up to about sixty inches. Male elk lose their horns every year as the deer do and grow new ones. Elk can be seen grazing around the town or lying down under some shady tree almost any day in Summer.

Moose

These large ungainly animals may often be spotted standing in swamps or water of some kind as they feed on the underwater vegetation. The name moose comes from the Algonquin Indian word "muus" and means eater of wood. With their long legs and awk-



Rocky Mountain Ram
with Kid, Banff.



Bull Moose at Vermillion
Lake, Banff

C.P.R. Photo



Mountain Sheep
near Banff





Twilight in The Rockies

C.P.R. Photo

Banff from Sulphur Mountain

C.P.R. Photo



wardly shaped bodies they are the ugliest animals in the woods. However they are built for speed and can certainly get over the ground in a hurry. They are excellent swimmers too and can cross large bodies of water without trouble. They may often be seen browsing in the water near roads.

One peculiar feature of the moose is a long hanging down piece of skin and fur from their necks. This is called a bell and both male and female have it. No one seems to have discovered any use for this bell so presumably it is just an adornment. An adult moose weighs from nine hundred to eleven hundred pounds. The female of course is smaller. Males carry the antlers which spread from fifty-two to fifty-eight inches and are grown afresh each year.

These animals are not at all friendly and will take off into the woods or river at the slightest disturbance.

Rocky Mountain Sheep

These are often called Bighorns as the horns of the male sheep are very beautiful and much prized as trophies. Their horns are very heavy curving from above the eyes, around in a circle and back to the head. The females on the other hand have horns but they are small and the curve is very slight. Males weigh from two hundred to three hundred pounds and females from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred seventy-five pounds. They are a grayish color with white rumps.

Rocky Mountain sheep are to be found in flocks and but rarely alone. They are to be seen on mountain heights silhouetted against the skyline or grazing by the roadside. They are not friendly and are easily alarmed when they disappear by going straight up the most precipitous of rocks.

These animals may be seen at the Third Vermilion Lake on the mountain, on the Exshaw hill on the East Road or at the Columbia Icefield.

Rocky Mountain Goats

These animals are rarely seen by visitors unless they are spotted through a telescope as they are very wary of people. They are pure white in color and inhabit only the highest slopes of the mountains.

They have long wool which gives them a somewhat baggy-trousers look, around the knees.

Both male and female have short horns, not at all thick or curved like the Rocky Mountain Bighorns, and only slightly curved back. Some of the old billys may have horns a foot long but the average is not more than eight or nine inches.

When Rocky Mountain goats are motionless on a high ledge they are hard to spot as their white coats blend well with the mountains and look like a patch of snow.

Beaver

These animals used as the emblem of Canada, are water inhabitants and do not spend more time than necessary on dry land. Their industry in felling trees and building dams and lodges is well known. They may be seen swimming the rivers at dusk, in the Vermilion Lakes or the Beaver Pond, their heads only visible above the water. The slightest noise leads them to give their danger signal which is a resounding slap against the water with their long flat tails. Then all the animals quickly disappear until quiet is restored again.

The beaver is a rodent, the second largest living rodent, the largest being the capybara of South America. Its favorite food is the poplar tree and it is surprising how quickly they can cut down a grove of these trees. They eat the bark, twig and leaves and use the rest of the wood to build their dams or lodges.

Beavers also eat willows and water plants and vegetation. They are very industrious about cutting down trees which they do by nibbling at them with their four front teeth. These teeth grow very long and their edge is very sharp. Trees are felled by gnawing chips off the tree in a circular manner until it is cut to a thin point and then it falls. They are very clever about making the tree fall in the direction of the nearest water. One stump of a tree west of Banff which these wood-cutters felled measures twenty-two inches in diameter.

Beavers mate for life and remain together until death. The young are called kittens and are born in the Spring. There are generally four to six in a litter. The average adult beaver weighs about forty or fifty pounds although some old males have been known to reach a weight of eighty pounds.

They are active all year round, swimming under the ice in winter time and in summer they are busy storing food for winter. Their lodges are built in a high place in deep water and the material is piled stick on stick in an untidy mass until the desired size is reached. After it is built tunnels are cut into it from the water and the interior gouged out to the required dimensions for their living quarters.

Porcupine

Visitors may be lucky enough to see one of these animals strolling down some forest trail. They are awkward looking beasts when they are walking or rather rolling, with a sailor's gait, down the trail and at the first alarm they roll into a spiny mass. Their quills are loosed by a flip of the tail which is their weapon of defence.

Quills are hollow and barbed at the end. They penetrate deeply into the flesh if not removed and many a dog has suffered agony, having the barbs removed from his tender nose with a pair of plyers. However if the quills are cut in two the air will go out of them and they are easily removed. Most animals however, are wise enough to leave porcupines strictly alone.

Cougars

Cougars, which are also known as mountain lions are numerous in the Park but it isn't likely that the visitor will see a cougar unless he should perhaps catch one drinking at some wildwood stream. The average weight of these animals is one hundred fifty pounds and they are predatory animals lying in wait for unwary deer, birds or other animals to kill. In the winter they come into town and forage for food. Many a local cat out on the town has met its demise at the hands of some wily cougar.

Sometimes the voice of the mountain lion, howling its woes, may be heard after dark and at times it sounds like the scream of a woman. It is a tawny yellow in color and unlike other animals of the wild, its young may appear at any time of the year. At first kittens are spotted but they soon lose these markings as they grow into adults. They are the largest of the tawny North American wild cats.

Wolves

Sometimes these dog-like animals may be heard wierdly howling at the moon as dusk falls but they are not seen in daylight as a rule. They are dark in color sometimes black with greeny eyes.

Wolves travel in packs or by ones and twos and follow their prey until they catch the unwary wild life. They are killers, predators and enemies of the pretty deer that inhabit the mountains.

Coyotes

These animals are quite light in color and much smaller than a wolf, although they also look like a dog. They are occasionally seen crossing the highway, in the woods or fields and are not particularly afraid of man.

Coyotes also live on smaller animals and any carrion they can find. They too are predatory and enemies of other wild life. They are, however, much more cowardly than wolves and quite frequently act according to the old adage: Better to run away and live to fight some other day.

Badger

Badgers are sometimes seen in the mountains. They live in meadows and semi-open land and feast on small animals such as gophers.

The badger is a pretty little animal with a wide white stripe down its forehead and white patches on its head, giving it a rather intelligent look. Its color is gray or brown and they have very short legs which gives them a peculiar gliding gait.

This animal is a very fast digger and is purported to be the fast excavator in the animal world.

Smaller Animals

There are a good many small animals such as squirrels, and chipmunks that are very common in the Park and some not easily seen unless one is out in the mountains somewhere, such as the whistling marmot, coney, etc.

Squirrels

These are the most common animals and are seen gathering pine cones and running along the streets, or scolding in a harsh yatter from the trees. This animal does not hibernate and may be seen all winter long.

They are a light reddish brown in color with a long bushy tail and in the Park are very tame. They seem to enjoy being fed with almost any food and will sit up on their hind feet holding the morsel in their tiny front paws much to the delight of visitors.

Besides the red squirrel mentioned above there is the Columbian ground squirrel and the mantled ground squirrel. The former is related to the prairie gopher. They live in colonies in open meadowland where the ground is soft. The reddish hair at the neck and shoulders which is in contrast to their light brown color distinguishes them. The Columbia ground squirrel hibernates not only in the Winter, but in the Fall and at any other time when the season is too dry for its liking.

The mantled ground squirrel has black and cream colored stripes on its back and a shawl of rusty yellow from which it gets its name, around its neck and head. This squirrel lives in the rocks — it does not burrow — and hibernates in the winter.

The Chipmunks

There are three different kinds of these in the Park or possibly more but the main ones are the yellow-bellied chipmunk, the timber-line chipmunk and the least chipmunk. They are much smaller than squirrels and all have long white stripes on a black or dark brown ground so that they are pretty little animals.

Chipmunks are animals which hibernate at the approach of winter but during the Summer they are very active and one can see them running along, their long tails held erectly, on almost any woodsy path.

Whistling Marmots

If the visitor wants to see these animals he must go out into the mountains away from human habitation. It lives high up in

rock slides or holes in the rocks and is much larger than the squirrel having a heavy body. They are brown in color and are not often seen. However their keen whistle may be heard frequently and if the traveller is patient, the marmot will poke its head out of its hole and a good view of them can be obtained.

Coneys

These little animals are like small rabbits without a tail and they too live high in the rocks. They can sometimes be heard with their strange little squeaks but are difficult to see. However they gather grass which they put in little piles for winter use, to cure it. These small hay piles are evidence of its presence in the rocks. Other names for these are Pika, and rock rabbit.

Historic old fireplace tells of early days in Banff - See page 37.



The Mountains

11

Abbot Pass, 9,588 feet above sea level, named for Philip S. Abbot, member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston, who died on Mount LeFroy, 1896.

Aberdeen Mountain, 10,350 feet, named for the Marquis of Aberdeen, then Governor-General of Canada.

Mt. Allen, 10,830 feet, named by Wilcox after Samuel E. S. Allen, who came out with him in 1893.

Agnes Lake, 6,685 feet, for Susan Agnes, wife of Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada. Originally named for Agnes Knox, elocutionist, by W. Astley.

Annette Lake, for the Mother of Manager Astley of the Lake Louise Chalet, named by Wilcox.

Lac des Arcs, named by Bourgeau, widening of the Bow River east road.

Assiniboine Mountain, 11,870 feet, for the Assiniboine tribe by G.M. Dawson, 1885.

Aylmer Mountain, 10,375 feet, named by McArthur, who climbed it in 1889.

Babel Mountain, 10,188 feet, because it is supposed to be like the Tower of Babel, named by Wilcox.

Ball Mountain, 10,865 feet, named for John Ball, Under Secretary for the Colonies, 1855-1857, by Hector.

Banff, 4,538 feet, named by Lord Strathcona, for his birthplace in Scotland.

Bankhead, named by Lord Strathcona after Bankhead, Banffshire, Scotland.

Barbette Mt., 10,080 feet, named because of its likeness to a fortress.

Bath Creek, bed, 5,272 feet, named in 1881, when Major Rogers on C.P.R. survey, was thrown by his horse and took an involuntary bath.

The Beehive Mt., 7,440 feet, named for its similarity to a hive, by Astley.

Mt. Biddle, 10,888 feet, named for the Biddle family of Philadelphia.

Bident Mountain, 10,119 feet, named because it looks like a double tooth.

Bonnett Mountain, 10,615 feet, from its resemblance to the article.

Boom Lake, 6,210 feet; Boom Mountain 9,047 feet. Names because the drift wood dammed against the shoal like a lumberman's boom.

Bosworth Mountain, 9,093 feet, named for G. M. Bosworth, Fourth Vice-President for the C.P.R.

Bourgeau Mountain, 9,615 feet, for E. Bourgeau, botanist of the Palliser expedition, named by Hector.

Bow River Pass, 6,878 feet. Bow Peak, 9,194 feet; Bow River Lake, 6,500 feet. Named for the ox-bow curve it makes.

Mt. Brett, 9,790 feet, named for Dr. R. G. Brett, pioneer.

Brewster Mountain, 9,380 feet, named for John Brewster, pioneer.

Canmore, 4,297 feet, named after Kenmore, Argyllshire, Scotland.

Cascade, 9,836 feet, translated from Indian, mountain where water falls.

Mt. Charles Stewart, 9,315 feet, named for a former Minister of the Interior.

Clearwater Mt., 10,420 feet, named for its proximity to the Clearwater River.

Cirque Pk., 9,768 feet, so called for the amphitheatre formed by the mountains.

Citadel Pk., 8,556 feet, named for its fortress-like appearance.

Consolation Valley, Pass, 8,300 feet, named by Wilcox as a pleasing contrast to Desolation Valley.

Copper Mountain, 9,170 feet, from the fact that copper was discovered on it named by Dawson.

Mt. Cory, 9,194 feet, honoring the Hon. Mr. Cory, former Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Costigan Mountain, 9,775 feet, named for Hon. John C. Costigan, a minister in Sir John A. Macdonald's Government.

Deltaform Mountain, 11,235 feet, resembling the Greek letter D.

Desolation Valley, named by Wilcox, who viewed it after coming from Paradise Valley.

Devil's Head, 9,175 feet, a translation from the Cree Word We-ti-kwas-ti-kwan.

Devil's Thumb Mountain, 8,076 feet, for its likeness to a large thumb.

Dolomite Pk., 9,628 feet, named for its dolomitic structure, similar to the European Dolomites.

Douglas Mountain, 10,615 feet, named for David Douglas, Scottish botanist who crossed the Athabasca Pass in 1827.

Drummond Mountain, 9,530 feet, named for Thomas Drummond, Assistant Naturalist in Franklin's second expedition to the Arctic, 1825-1827, by Dawson.

Edith, 8,380 feet, named for Mrs. J. F. Orde, nee Edith Cox, who visited here with Lady Macdonald in 1886.

Eiffel Peak, 10,101 feet, because its tower rising for a thousand feet was said to be like the Eiffel Tower.

Mt. Eisenhower, 9,390 feet, (formerly Castle Mountain), renamed for General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, World War II, when he visited Canada in January, 1946.

Fairholme Range, 9,140 feet, named by Hector after Fairholme in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Fairview Mountain, 9,011 feet, named for the wonderful view.

Fatigue Mountain, 9,707 feet, apparently was a hard climb or at least very tiresome.

Fay Mountain, 10,622 feet, named for Professor Charles E. Fay, of the Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston.

Field, 4,076 feet, named for Cyrus Field in 1885.

Ghost River (or Dead Man River) was so called from Dead Man's Hill where after a great Indian battle, the fallen were buried, that they might look down over the river.

Girouard Mountain, 9,825 feet, honored Sir Percy G. Girouard, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Gibbon Pass, honoring John Murray Gibbon, noted author and trail rider, named by J. I. Brewster.

Goat Mountain, 9,300 feet, was translated from the Stoney Indian word Wap-u-tik by Palliser.

Mt. Green, named for Rev. Spottisood Green, the noted English climber.

Grotto Mountain, 8,880 feet, called this because a large cave on it with a high arched roof, named by Bourgeau.

Haddo Peak, 10,083 feet, named for George, Lord Haddo's eldest son, by the Marquis of Aberdeen.

Healy Creek, named by Dr. Dawson after Captain J. J. Healy, manager of N.A.T. & T. Co., Dawson, who located copper on the adjoining mountain.

Hector Mountain, 11,135 feet, Lake, 5,704 feet, named after Sir James Hector.

Hole-in-the-Wall Mountain, 8,184 feet, named this on account of its big cave.

Howse Pass, 4,500 feet, for Jasper House, a Hudson's Bay trader who crossed the pass in 1810 on his way to Montana.

Ingilsmaldie, 9,725 feet, so called after Ingilsmaldie Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kintore, Scotland.

Ishbel Mountain, 9,440 feet, named for the daughter of Ramsey MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Kananaskis Range and River, at mouth, 4,179 feet. This is a corruption from a Cree Indian's name, Kin-e-ah-kis, commemorating his wonderful recover from the blow of an axe.

Lefroy Mountain, 11,230 feet, named for Major-General Sir John H. Lefroy, head of the Toronto Observatory from 1842-1853, by Hector.

Lougheed Mt., 10,190 feet, formerly Wind Mountain, named for Sir James Lougheed.

Louis Mountain 8,800 feet, honoring Louis B. Stewart D.T.S. Professor of Surveying University of Toronto, son of the first Park Superintendent.

Louise Lake, 5,670 feet named for her Royal Highness Princess Alberta Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne who was then Governor General of Canada.

Margaret Lake, 5,924 feet, honoring a daughter of Rev. H. P. Nichols of Holy Trinity church, New York. This was named by

Thompson.

Mt. Marmot, named for its numerous whistling marmots.

McConnell Mountain, 10,200 feet for R. G. McConnell, Deputy Minister, Department of Mines and Assistant to Dr. Dawson, 1882.

Minnewanka Lake, 4840 feet; lake of the water spirit.

Mirror Lake, 6665, named because of its beautiful reflections.

Mistaya Mt. 10,100 feet and lake meaning "big" in Cree.

Mitre (The) Mountain, 9,480, named for its likeness to a bishop's mitre.

Molar Mountain, 9924 feet. named for its likeness to a large tooth by Hector.

Moraine Lake 6,190 feet, from the fact that it has a glacial formation at the end of the Lake. Named by Wilcox.

Morley Village, 4,067 feet. This honors a famous Methodist minister Rev. William Morley Punshon.

Neptuak, 10,617 feet, the ninth of ten peaks, bears the Stoney Indian name for "nine".

Niblock Mountain, 9,764 feet. Named for Superintendent Niblock of the C.P.R.

Norquay Mountain, 8,275 feet named for one of Banff's early visitors, a premier of Manitoba the Hon. John Norquay.

Mt. Noyes, 10,040 feet. Named for Rev. C. L. Noyes who made the first ascent of Mt. Lefroy.

Mt. Odoray, 10,175 feet. This is from the Indian meaning "a cone".

Oesa Lake. The Stoney Indian word for "ice".

O'Hara Lake, honoring Col J. H. O'Hara.

Opaben Pass, 8,460 feet. From the Cree word meaning "snowy".

Opal Mountain, 8,000 feet. Named on account of the small cavities on the mountain lined with quartz crystals which were coated with films of opal.

Palliser Range, highest peak 9,600 feet. Named for Captain John Palliser who explored this region from 1857 to 1860.

Mt. Patterson, 10,490 feet. Named for the man who first climbed Mount Ball.

Peechee Mountain 9,625 feet. Palliser named this for his Indian guide.

Peyto Peak, 9,805 and Peyto Lake. Named for William Peyto pioneer of Banff.

Pigeon Mountain 7,855 feet. Bourgeau called it by this name as he saw numerous wild pigeons there.

Pilot Mountain 9,690 feet. This is the mountain the early explorers used as a land mark as it was visible for long distances up and down the valley.

Pinnacle Mountain, 10,072. Named by Wilcox.

Pipestone River, mouth, 5,051. Indians used to make pipes from the soft fine grained argillite found there. Named by Hector.

President Mountain, 9,469; The President 10,297; The Vice-President 10,059 feet. Sometimes called The President Group. Named for officials of the C.P.R.

Pulpit Peak, 8,940 feet. Named by Thompson.

Mount Pulsatilla, 10,060 feet, named for the quantities of western anemones which grow there.

Quadra Mountain, 10,420 feet. Named this on account of its four peaks.

Redearth Creek, so called because of the red ochre deposits there.

Redoubt Peak, 9,520 feet for its likeness to a huge redoubt. Named by Wheeler.

Rundle Mountain, 9,838 feet. Named for Rev. Robert T. Rundle, first Protestant Missionary in this area by Hector.

St. Piran Mountain, 8,691 feet, called after St. Piran, Lligan Bay Cornwall, the birthplace of W. J. Astley, manager of Lake Louise Chalet in the early days. Named by Wilcox.

Sawback Range, summit 10,000 feet. Named for its limestone beds which form a vertical deeply serrated edge.

Mt. Schaffer, 8,834, named for Dr. Schaffer of Philadelphia, botanist and medical officer.

Seebe Station, 4,217 feet. Corruption of the Cree word for river.

Shadow Lake. Named for the reflections of Mount Ball, in its clear waters.

Sheol Mountain, 9,118 feet. This was formerly called the Devil's Thumb but it was changed to Sheol to avoid confusion with the Devil's Thumb on the Lake O'Hara trail.

Simpson Pass, 6,954 feet, honoring Sir George Simpson who first crossed the pass in 1841.

Spray River is named for its spray of falls and little water cascades.
Mount St. Brid, 10,875 feet, named for St. Bridget.

Stoney Squaw Mountain 6,180 feet. This alludes to the Stoney Indian woman standing beside her Stoney Chief (the former name for Cascade Mountain.)

Storm Mountain 10,372 feet was named this by Dawson as storm clouds gathered over this mountain.

Mount Stephen, 10,495 feet named for Sir George Stephen who took his name in the peerage from the mountain which had been named for him and later became Lord Mount Stephen.

Sulphur Mountain, 8,040 was named this on account of the famous sulphur springs situated thereon.

Takakkaw Falls was named by Sir William Van Horne and probably came from the Japanese word meaning towards-the-sun-river.

Temple Mountain, 11,636 feet. Named for Sir Richard Temple, President of the Economic Science and Statistics when Secretary of the British Association which visited it in 1884.

Mount Thompson, 10,119 feet named for C. S. Thompson who was in the mountains with Abbot in 1894.

Three Sisters Mountain, highest peak 9,744 feet. Descriptive of the three peak formation.

Tunnel Mountain, 5,550 feet, the mountain through which at one time the railroad thought of building a tunnel.

Tuzo Mountain, 10,658 feet honoring Miss Henrietta L. Tuzo first lady to ascend the peak who later became Mrs. J. A. Wilson of Ottawa, Ontario.

Tyrrell Mountain, 8,919 feet. Named for J. B. Tyrrell Associate Geologist with Dawson in the Rocky Mountain Survey of 1883.

Vermilion Lake, 4,521 feet. Named for its beds which appear to be iron rust in color.

Victoria Mountain, 11,365 feet. Named by McArthur for Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Wapta Lake meaning "river" in Stoney Indian.

Mount Wardle, 9,218 feet and Wardle Creek in Kootenay Park. Named for Mr. J. M. Wardle, a resident of Banff for many years, who later moved to Ottawa as Director of Surveys and Engineering Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources.

Wastach River in Paradise Valley meaning "beautiful" in Stoney Indian language.

Mount Weed, 10,100 feet. Named for G. M. Weed, a pioneer climber of 1894.

Wenchemna Mountain, 10,411 feet. This is one of the Ten Peaks in the Valley of the Ten Peaks. It is Stoney Indian for "ten".

White Mountain, 9,040, named for James White, Department Head of the Commission of Conservation, Ottawa and assistant to Dr. Dawson in 1884.

Mount Whympfer, 9,331 feet. Named for E. Whympfer who first climbed Switzerland's Matterhorn.

Whyte Mountain, 9,786 feet. Named for Sir William Whyte, Second Vice-President of the C.P.R.

Mount Willingdon, 11,044 feet named for the former Governor-General of Canada, Lord Willingdon.

Wind Mountain, 10,190 feet. Bourgeau named this mountain because of its wind clouds. It is now called Mount Loughheed.

Wiwaxy Peaks, 8,870 feet, meaning "Windy" in Indian.

Yukness Mountain, 9,352 feet is from the Sioux language meaning "sharp as a knife".

The men who named the mountains included David Thompson and Sir James Hector, famous explorers; Walter D. Wilcox, American author who visited the mountains in 1895; J. J. McArthur, Government surveyor and pioneer; Dr. Dawson, distinguished Canadian geologist; A. O. Wheeler, founder of the Alpine Club; E. Bourgeau a Frenchman who was Botanist in the Palliser expedition in 1858 and W. Astley, former Manager of Chateau Lake Louise.

Names of the mountains in the Valley of the Ten Peaks refer to the ten numerals in the Stoney Indian Language:

Number 1—Hee jee, now renamed Mount Fay.

2—No me

3—Yam ni

4—Ton sa

5—Sap ta

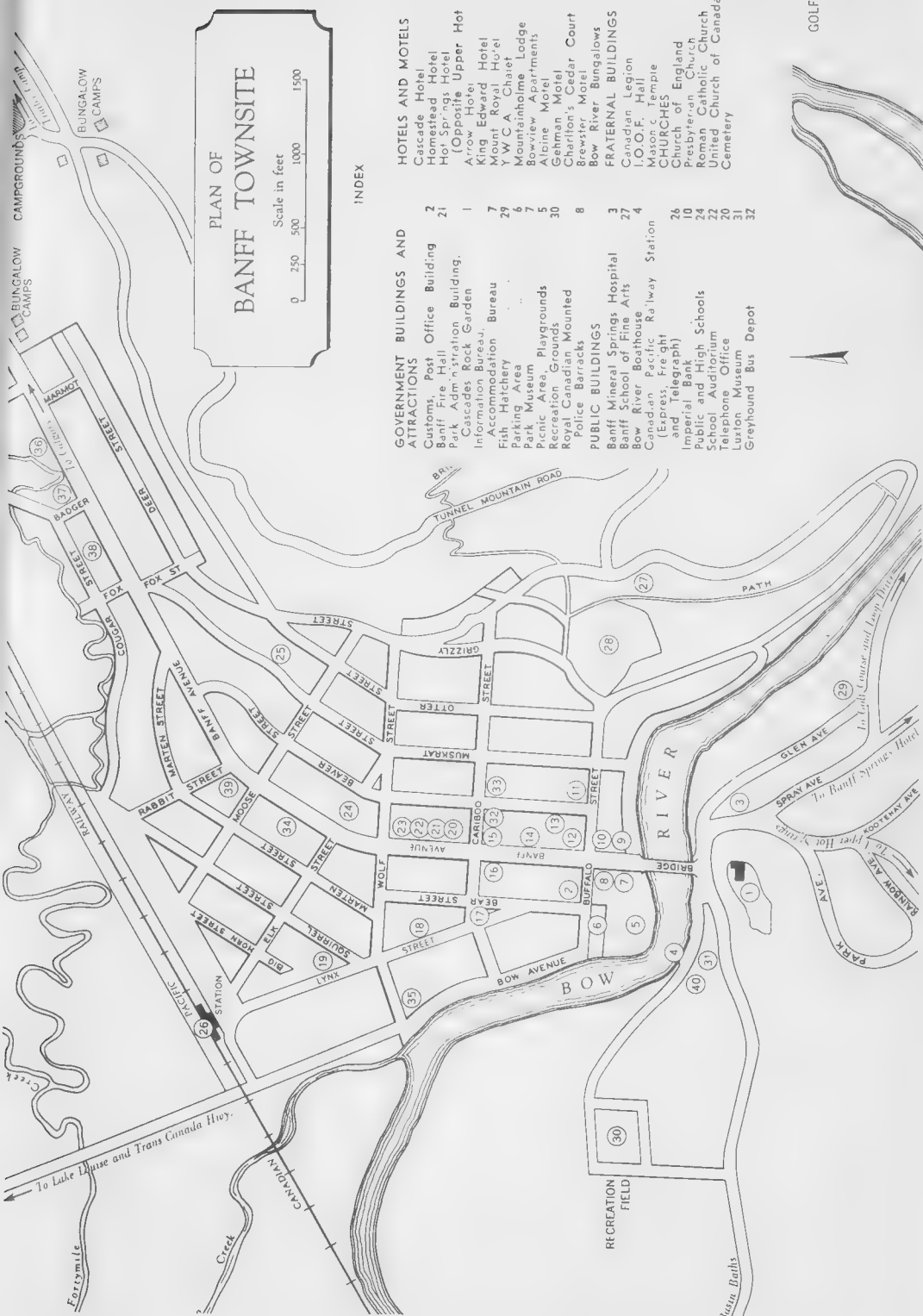
6—Sajk puy

7—Sagowa, renamed Mount Tuzo

8—Saknowa, renamed Deltaform

9—Neptuak

10—Wenchemna



PLAN OF BANFF TOWNSITE

Scale in feet
0 250 500 1000 1500

INDEX

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AND ATTRactions		HOTELS AND MOTELS	
Customs Post Office Building	2	Cascade Hotel	14
Banff Fire Hall	21	Homestead Hotel	18
Park Administration Building	7	Hot Springs Hotel	34
Cascades Rock Garden	1	Hot Springs Upper Hot Springs)	34
Information Bureau	7	Arrow Hotel	16
Fish Hatchery	29	King Edward Hotel	15
Parking Area	6	Mount Royal Hotel	25
Park Museum	7	Y W C A Chalet	33
Recreation Grounds	35	Mountainholme Lodge	35
Recreation Grounds	35	Bowview Apartments	36
Royal Canadian Mounted Police Barracks	30	Alpine Motel	37
		Gehman Motel	38
		Charlton's Cedar Court	39
		Hotel Macdonald	40
		Bow River Bungalows	9
PUBLIC BUILDINGS		FRATERNAL BUILDINGS	
Banff Mineral Springs Hospital	3	Canadian Legion	13
Banff School of Fine Arts	27	C.O.F. Hall	17
Banff River Bath	4	W.C. Temple	11
Canadian Pacific Railway Station (Express, Freight and Telegraph)	26	Church of England	23
Imperial Bank	10	Presbyterian Church	19
Public and High Schools	24	Roman Catholic Church	12
School Auditorium	22	United Church of Canada	28
Telephone Office	20		
Luxton Museum	31		
Greyhound Bus Depot	32		

GOLF COURSE



The first edition of "From Barnacle to Banff" in microfilm was carried to the top of 9030 foot Mount Eisenhower on August 28, 1957 and there deposited under a cairn with other papers, by Jack and Agnes Verwoerd, Canadian photographers and naturalists, living in Long Beach, California.

Their trip from the South was a goodwill venture honoring the close relationship between Canada and the United States and was for the purpose of climbing a mountain named for President Eisenhower when he was Supreme Commander of all the Allied forces, during the Second Great War.

The Verwoerds were accompanied by Mr. Walter Perren of Banff, Guide; and Mr. E. C. Carleton, Game Warden at Castle on the 15 hour trip, which included the time spent in opening the base of the cairn, putting in the articles and re-cementing, as well as the climb and return.



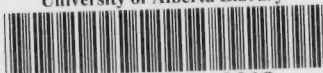








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